

THE
APPENDIX
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ART. I.—*Precis d'Idéologie, &c.*

A Summary of Metaphysics, in which some generally received Errors are corrected, and several new and important Truths established: presented to the Academy of Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Arts of Turin, by P. Labouliniere, corresponding Member of that Academy, and Secretary general of the Prefecture of the higher Pyrenees. 8vo. Imported by De Conchy. 1805.

THE talents and ingenuity of the Abbé de Condillac have long been acknowledged both in this country, and on the continent; and his metaphysical writings have tended more than those of any other author, with the exception perhaps of professor Stewart, to impart an attracting charm to the dry discussions of pneumatology. His analysis of the formation of our ideas presents a rare instance of philosophical dexterity, and a felicity of illustration which communicates apparent strength even to his most doubtful positions. M. Labouliniere, in the essay before us, has adopted the plan of the author of the *Origine des Connaissances*, and followed him step by step, at one time quoting whole passages, and at another correcting the errors into which his accomplished preceptor has, in his opinion, fallen. But we are not to regard him merely as the critic of Condillac, for other writers of equal celebrity are subjected to his strictures: his work in fact comprehends not only a view of the intellectual, but also of the active powers, and professes to contain in the limits of a moderate octavo a summary account of a subject which has employed the pens of the learned of almost every

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age, and which still, perhaps, offers a wider field for discussion than any other branch of science. We would not be understood to discourage such attempts to simplify and abridge our knowledge; but we must be allowed to examine if the success of this effort has been equal to its boldness.

The essay of Mons. L. as the title page states, was presented to the academy of sciences, &c. of Turin, and in the following address to that body, he has related the circumstances which gave birth to this production, and the views with which it was undertaken.

‘It was in a manner in the bosom of this academy that I matured the ideas which I now publish; it was under the eyes of several of its members that I first sketched the outline of this memoir. The formation of a literary lyceum at Turin which took place in the beginning of the year X, and in which I filled, during the short period of its existence, the chair of moral philosophy, was the epoch and occasion of the following work. It was then that I contracted with myself that engagement, which I now fulfil. He who would arrive at absolute and undisguised truths, ought to divest himself of all relative ideas, and not be terrified beforehand by the consequences which fanaticism or mistaken piety would deduce, from those notions which he derives from established facts. Without doubt, an improper use may be made of imperfect truths, to establish pernicious maxims upon uncertain or merely probable data; but that which is demonstrated can only add to our knowledge, lessen the dominion of error, and contribute to our present or future happiness.’ (P. 7.)

Such are the pure and philosophical intentions of this writer; and thus does he hold forth the hackneyed defence of singular doctrines, that truth can never be injurious to the real happiness of mankind. To this assertion we perfectly agree, although we must confess at the same time, that we cannot divest ourselves of a more than ordinary suspicion of opinions, which appear strong in argument but dangerous in practice. A little hesitation can never be productive of bad effects, but precipitancy will infallibly ruin the best interests of philosophy and truth. Our author, however, seems to stand very little in need of any such defence, for he has avoided with some care a number of dangerous points of discussion; and where he does venture on doubtful ground, it is with a degree of trepidation and want of firmness, which renders him an easy prey to every hostile attack. We must premise that the author seems to have been ambitious to communicate to his work a popular character, and hence he has been led to discuss the several subjects which fall under consideration in a more diffuse and flowery style than the matter

is calculated to admit; or the legitimate objects of the writer require. In reviewing the various powers of mind he has not neglected to state their nature and effects, and has even performed the very unnecessary task of informing us what we should be without them: In illustrating the functions of the several senses he has expressed himself in the following manner:

‘I suppose him (man) in the country during the beautiful season of the year. The freshness of morning invites him to walk forth, the desire of marking nature as she awakes in all her simplicity induces him to anticipate the dawn: he wishes to enjoy the rising of the star of day, and to see his first beams spread themselves from one end of the horizon to the other, and gild the numerous productions which enrich a fertile soil. The enamelled green of these vast meadows, the delightful assortment of shrubs in this thicket, the silver mirror of this lake which the zephyr gently agitates, agreeably affect his eyes. The melodious song of the linnet which the thick foliage conceals from his view, the murmur of this limpid stream whose flying waters present the images of succession and eternity, strike his ear delightfully. The balmy odours of these flowers, which nature has carefully adorned with the richest colours, gratify his sense of smell. The sweetness of these fruits pleases his palate. The freshness of the moist leaves affects his hand agreeably. This bath in which he displays the agility of his limbs causes a delicious sensation over the whole surface of his body.’ (r. 43.)

The sources of our ideas are divided by M. Labouliniere into three classes;—the external senses,—the internal impressions which take place in the different organs of the body,—and the reaction of the sensorium upon itself. Although we must admit, that he has at least expressed himself in a way somewhat novel; we cannot add that the ideas which he suggests possess the same character. With regard to the internal impressions, which the author seems to consider as a discovery peculiar to himself, we recognise in them very old acquaintances, which we had been accustomed, along with many writers of eminence, to employ as the means of explaining the growth of the appetites and desires. The same ground which our author traverses has been trod by our countryman Darwin with an ingenuity and grace that leave the French philosopher very far behind. Mons. L. conceives that the internal impressions sufficiently account for most of those actions which have been termed instinctive: and Dr. Darwin has actually explained upon this principle, a multitude of circumstances which are particularly observable in young animals. But, we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion that no ingenuity which has yet been applied

to this subject has succeeded in disproving the existence of instinct as a separate principle. Much indeed has been done to narrow the bounds of this unphilosophical faculty ; yet there still remains a mass of facts which compel us to acknowledge it. Our author in a subsequent part of his work, has declined the question of materialism, alledging that he has no distinct conception of the essence of matter : but virtually he admits that he is a materialist, and in what he terms his third species of perceptions he farther confirms this, by referring them to the reaction of the sensorium upon itself. What he understands by this internal activity of the brain, we are at a loss to conceive ; nor do we suppose that by this species he means any thing more than the ideas of reflection of Locke.

Among the intellectual powers, our author has given a distinguished place to attention ; and he seems to regard it with a degree of partiality which argues any thing but a mind of a truly philosophical cast. The value and importance of this faculty is readily acknowledged, but we cannot consider it in any other light than as a power of directing the faculties of the mind. In other instances where no voluntary effort is made, and the object of consideration rivets upon it the powers of the mind, the term attention no longer expresses a faculty, but a state of the faculties. To express it generally, so as to include both of these cases, attention is an active state of mind at one time produced by the voluntary exertion of the individual, at another by something strongly attractive in the object of contemplation. Memory, according to our author, is no other than attention accompanied by a sentiment of anteriority ; comparison is reduced simply to the same faculty ; and judgment, which is the necessary consequence of the operation just mentioned, is still another form of attention ; or to use the author's own words, ' judgment is the necessary consequence of comparison, and therefore comparison includes judgment, and consequently there is nothing more in judgment, as in comparison and memory, than an attention given to impressions.' (105) We sincerely wish that this precious logician had lived in the days of the syllogism, when we might have refuted him scientifically by the rules of the major and minor ; but in these modern times, we believe it is only necessary to state his reasoning that its absurdity may become apparent. Among the discoveries of our author in pneumatology, we may rank his singular opinions on the subject of comparison. We have been always accustomed to believe that the mind in this operation, contemplates two objects at once ; but Mons. L. informs us that the human intellect cannot attend to more than one object at the

same time, and then illustrates comparison by a simile, which if it does any thing, explains the very converse of his own proposition :

‘ The mind,’ says he, ‘ is modified in a certain manner by the first impression which it receives, and it is probable that this modification would be permanently retained if no fresh impression occurred to modify it anew. Now will not the effect which succeeds these new impressions, be a necessary resultant, the nature of which is determined by that of the impressions which have been communicated; in the same manner as takes place when bodies are impelled by different forces ?’ (P. 103.)

Perhaps a more unhappy illustration was never hazarded, for the author seems to have forgotten that the forces, in the mechanical experiment to which he alludes, are co-existent at the moment of the second impulse, and that a part of each impelling force remains in the resultant, as long as the body continues to move. To increase our wonder and render the oddity of our author’s opinion still more remarkable, he has introduced into his work a very clear and able statement of the arguments in opposition, by the ingenious M. Daube, which we think are calculated to overcome all his objections.

The chief particular in which Mons. L. conceives that he has improved upon, and corrected the author of the *Traité de l’Origine des Connaissances Humaines*, regards the first formation of our ideas of an external world ; a subject that has been productive of so much doubt and difficulty, that some philosophers have even rejected it as a mere chimera of rude imagination. Condillac, in a happy moment, conceived the idea of representing a hypothetical figure, lifeless and without sense, which he should gradually give with one organ after another ; thus analysing, step by step, the powers of perception, after a mode at once novel and ingenious. While this statue possesses only smell, taste, vision, and hearing, the sensations which they convey, seem, according to that author, mere modifications of its own being. It is sunk in a reverie, in which every object that strikes the sense, seems to exist only in its own mind. But, no sooner does it acquire the sense of touch, than a new world is exposed ;—it finds that it is no longer the only being in existence, but surrounded on all hands by a multitude of objects, which furnish continual employment for the exercise of its powers. Our author takes much pains to shew, that it is not touch, which communicates the idea of an external world, but the power of motion, by means of the sensation of resistance, to which it gives birth. And we do not hesitate to admit, that the

sense of touch if never exercised, except by the application of bodies to the surface of the hypothetical figure, must stand exactly on the same footing with the other less perfect senses: but Condillac never gifted his being with the sense in a state so imperfect; nay our author has himself quoted passages in which that writer strongly expresses the importance of motion in the exercise of touch. The superiority of this sense over every other seems in a great measure to depend on that power which we possess of managing and directing it: the other senses indeed are in some respects under our controul, but there is no organ besides that of touch, which we can apply with the same readiness to such a multitude of objects. If we are to admit the reasoning of Condillac with regard to the first formation of our ideas of an external world, the quality of resistance is without doubt that of all others, which seems best calculated to produce this notion. But the subject must ever remain in some degree obscure, since it is an idea nearly coeval with our existence as sentient beings; the notion, however, is so strongly rivetted in the mind, that we cannot doubt of its truth; although we are reduced with Dr. Reid to refer it to an original principle of human nature. Our author has shewn considerable ingenuity in the developement of his ideas upon this subject, particularly where he points out the mode in which we become acquainted with our own corporeal frames: we see no reason however for believing, that Condillac entertained opinions very different from those which are here laid down.

On another point, M. Labouliniere has been more successful in marking and correcting the errors of the guide whom he follows: Condillac has attributed the idea of extension to sight, and at the same time has expressed himself with a degree of confusion and inaccuracy in regard to it which our author very properly notices. He has likewise clearly shewn the inconsistency of that writer, in ascribing to simple vision the formation of the ideas of immensity and infinitude; which we cannot conceive should ever arise from the mere perception of light and colours, unconnected with the notions of extent or distance. Having thus admitted some of our author's strictures, it is but just to state, that he has rejected without any obvious reason a very beautiful piece of analysis, in which Condillac traces the origin of the notions of dimension and figure: the favourite doctrine of Mons. L. in regard to the importance of motion hurries him away, and makes him forget that the statue of Condillac was not meant to be always a motionless trunk.

'The statue,' says our author, 'learns very soon to judge of extent by the eyes, nor is it long before it comes to judge of figures in the same manner, for by directing the eyes from one part of a coloured surface to another, it must inevitably arrive at different points, which limit this surface, and by the mental addition of the different boundaries of this colour we arrive at the idea of figure.' (p. 135.)

In the passage just quoted, and in his remarks on the mode in which we judge of extension by the eyes, he has expressed himself in terms which would lead us to suppose that he was not by any means fully aware of the manner in which touch enables the eye to distinguish figure. Yet this is a subject on which so little discrepancy of opinion exists that we cannot conceive he should imagine that vision alone, and unassisted by any thing but the bare belief of the external existence of objects, should communicate the notions of figure.

The speculations of our author, on the subjects of cause and effect—the existence of deity—and the reality of the soul independent of the body, are more entitled to the name of description than of reasoning. The overflowing of rivers, tempests, and thunderstorms are all called in to shew how the negro chief and 'the industrious conqueror of the soil of fertile Egypt' would acquire their first notions of a cause. The origin of the doctrine of spirits and angels is also accounted for; but we observe no attempt to point out the real nature of cause and effect, or to prove that there exists a deity, or that the soul is in essence different from the body. An abridged view of the critical philosophy of Kant, from a work by M. Villers, closes the discussion of the intellectual powers.

In the account of the active powers, which the latter part of the volume before us contains, we meet with little that is new or ingenious. The great question of liberty and necessity is considered in a very superficial manner; we cannot however refrain from quoting a passage, which we think presents a very just view of the subject.

'What then is this liberty? It is the power of doing that which in the circumstances in which we are placed, appears to us the most convenient, the best adapted for our welfare, and the most proper to attain the object at which we aim: it is the power of acting in consequence of the determinations which are dictated to us by a certain chain of ideas and intellectual operations, the connexion and succession of which observe a certain order. Our ideas, in one word, regulate our will, and there exists between knowledge and action, the same association as between cause and effect. The chain of our sentiments is formed of continued links inseparable one from ano-

ther, which taking their origin in sensibility, pass to attach themselves again to that great centre of intelligence.' (p. 311.)

Such in fact is the real extent of mental liberty, nor does it essentially differ from the point to which the arguments of the enlightened necessitarian immediately tend. Perhaps no subject has been productive of more wrangling, or has led to more ridiculous absurdities of assertion, than that which we are now considering. The dangerous consequences which have been conceived to flow from the necessitarian doctrine of the agency of motives, have induced some writers, and those of no mean eminence, to hazard such positions as seem at once repulsive to the dictates of common sense. They have even gone so far as to assert that we often act without any motive whatever; and adduce this as a proof that we are free agents. It appears difficult to discover with what propriety that can be called our act which we have performed without a motive; even in madness we are still regulated by some inducements to action, although these indeed are not such as can always be readily discovered. It has been well observed that the whole œconomy of society is built upon a firm belief in the agency of motives. If we are not persuaded of the universal influence of motives, to what purpose is it that laws have been enacted, or on what principle are we to regulate our conduct in life? Whither is it, we would ask the friends of free agency, that they would lead us when they argue that we often act without a motive? they in fact set aside the exercise of reason, and reduce us to a level with the inferior animals.

ART. II.—*Geist der Zeit, &c.*

Spirit of the Times, by Ernst-Moritz Arndt. 8vo. 1806.

LITTLE commendation can be passed on the spirit of the times in which we live.—Science in so many instances degenerates into a scanty and superficial stock of diversified information, that modesty which is accompanied with the feeling of an important destiny, and the difficulty of fulfilling it, is superseded by the pretensions to a proud superiority of knowledge and of sensibility. Thus the egotism, which a refined sensibility so much promotes, is augmented rather than diminished. From the neglect of the individual relations springs a total loss of character, which is seen in little as well as in more important things, in domestic occurrences as well as in those political events which determine the fate of

nations. All this is acknowledged to be the prevailing defect of this enlightened age. Such is the picture of it which is exhibited by the author of the present work. But it is not sufficient to join in the cry against the compassion of the present times, to constitute the censor, who contributes to our instruction and improvement. It is of importance to know from what principles he proceeds, who delineates his contemporaries, what view he takes of their defects, and what are the directions which he gives in order to extricate poor humanity, or, if he be not philosopher enough to identify himself with the whole human race, at least a few favoured individuals, from the mire in which all are sunk. On an accurate examination of our moralists we shall find that they are for the most part dissatisfied with their contemporaries, because they can suggest no other escape from the destructive errors of the times than by plunging still deeper in the abyss. For the exaggerated pretensions to a superior sagacity he knows no other remedy than the promise of wisdom more sublime; for the increase of egotism only a general philanthropy, which, under the colour of philosophy, renders the malady past cure. Such are the censors who readily excite the attention of the public. Their apparent corrections do not touch the vitiated favourite, but rather foster his propensities; and thus we may see how works on the vices of the age, which are written in a fashionable style, and are themselves replete with the imperfections of the times, become favourites with the public and excite approbation. He, on the contrary, who endeavours to promote a real reformation on a rational plan, is sure to be contemptuously rejected by the multitude; no book can attain general approbation which forcibly depicts the vices of our times and recommends the proper remedy. How far the author of the present work has done this, will be seen in the course of the examination.

The principal purpose of the author is a representation of the political crisis in which we are situated. But since this, as he has sagacity to discern, proceeds from the general spirit which the culture of modern times has produced, he commences his work with some considerations on this subject. In describing the present times we are naturally led to compare them with the past. M. Arndt contrasts the moderns with the people of antiquity. It has been often remarked, that among the Greeks and Romans, individuals were furnished with more frequent opportunities of distinction, and with a wider field for the display of all their talents and their powers, than among us. This is true when we speak of the most eminent men in the most distinguished situations, at particular periods of the celebrated republics in

Italy and Greece. There was only a short period in which the philosophy of the Greeks was, as M. Arndt affirms, intimately interwoven with their civil conduct. As soon as philosophy was cultivated as a science, the effects were, as might be expected, a mixture of good and evil; and he who is acquainted with the sectarian philosophy of the Greeks, from the fragments of it which remain, knows that their speculations were as far removed from ordinary experience or practical utility, as our own. The author enumerates those paths of literature, which had the greatest influence on the public mind, and of which some are more particularly considered. He begins with the philosophers. Of that host of abstract writers and teachers, who have arisen in Germany since the time of Kant, and have caused not only such consumption but such a waste of brains, the author says in a language not a little bombastic and obscure, 'Without reserve or moderation they mounted into themselves and into things; but nevertheless there was beauty in their flight; and it would be better for the human race if many would follow their adventurous career.' Thus according to the author's notion the best way of curing an infection is to render it general.

Of the theologues the author speaks, in such a mass of incongruous imagery and with such elaborate obscurity, that it is difficult to conjecture what he means. He remarks that protestantism, which vindicates the claim of every individual to independence of opinion, has led to the solution of all religious continuity, but that a return to catholicism will be attempted in vain; when he utters this forcible exclamation; 'though there is yet no medium, remember that *every thing is old or new.*' What are we to understand by this, when the author had just said, that a return to the old was impossible, and that the new is good for nothing?

In his remarks on the historians the author repeats the common comparison between the ancients and the moderns to the disadvantage of the last. But as history is, more than any other branch of literature, fitted to operate on the practical sentiments of mankind, it is worth while more attentively to examine the author's reflections on this subject. M. Arndt says that the great historians of antiquity were infinitely superior to all the writers of modern times. The cause of this is not, according to the author, as is usually affirmed, the greater freedom which they enjoyed, or the greater actions and events in which they were engaged, but 'the high destiny of events and of men, the godlike independence of every individual of the antient world inspired a confidence in their powers, and infused a life and simplicity into their

narrative, which modern times can neither appreciate nor explain. Two hundred, nay even fifty years ago men wrote history without feeling that their labour was to any purpose; there was a connection and sympathy with the living world. It is the characteristic of this author, and perhaps of many of his and of our own countrymen, to make a gorgeous display of high-sounding terms; or in a cloudy pomp of diction to darken the rays of sense. Among the inimitable models of antient history, M. Arndt classes Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Diodorus and Dio Cassius. Modern times may certainly produce works which, in solidity of thought and taste of composition, are no way inferior to these remains of antiquity. The work of Gibbon is superior to the learned labours of every ancient writer who has reduced the documents and accounts of an earlier period into a philosophical and political history. In domestic history, Hume and Robinson will bear a comparison with Livy; their narrative is as well digested, as interesting, as instructive as his. But M. Arndt will not permit us to place any but Müller's History of Switzerland in a rank of parallel excellence with the elevated historians of antiquity. But, why should not a modern, who possesses a talent for historical composition, and who devotes his whole life to the pursuit, produce a work which may rival the productions of Thucydides, Sallust, Tacitus, or Polybius? Who were these writers whose pictures of their times excite such glowing admiration? Thucydides, Sallust, and Tacitus, were in the rank of political pre-eminence; Polybius had at least passed his life with those who were. And when they had no share in the events which they relate, they nevertheless speak like men who had advised and acted in similar transactions. The tone in which we speak of other men is modified by the station which we ourselves have occupied. Compare Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh, with the other narratives of his life. The Memoirs of Sully contain a more lively picture of courts than those of Suetonius. Cardinal de Retz's account of the intrigues of his times, introduces us to an acquaintance with the actors in the scene, as Cicero's letters, with the state of parties in ancient Rome. In the eighteenth century there are indeed circumstances which prevent that sublime aspiring of the mind which characterized the beautiful times of antiquity. A man, who has been formed in the trammels of modern politics, will not, even in the highest situations, display those sentiments, by which a grandeur of manner is produced. Favourable external circumstances are not alone sufficient to produce grandeur of view and sublimity of feel-

ing. Both arise only in great souls, which are rare at all times. But the species did not perish with the Romans. In what ancient writer is what the author, with his usual turgidity, calls the '*demon in men, and the holy contention of the soul with an overwhelming fate*' more forcibly and beautifully described than in Clarendon's account of the death of Lord Falkland?

To that elevation of character and favourable state of circumstances, which are necessary to the production of a great writer, we must add the power of diction and the charm of style. Much depends on the expression. The serious brevity of the Roman language enables every word to lay hold on the mind and heart, and communicates a certain grandeur and dignity to the narrative. The pliancy of the Greek language accommodates itself to every form; and gives a visible existence to every shade of thought. To this we may add the extreme perfection and purity of taste which prevailed in the best periods of Grecian and of Roman literature. But, since the distinguished persons of those times set a far greater value on the culture of the taste and the perfecting of the style, than is usual with the moderns, we may from these considerations, readily conceive how some works might be produced by the ancients which unite all the excellencies of composition; and why *others* in which perhaps equal talents have been employed, are in certain particulars, superior to the productions of the moderns.

Under the chapter entitled '*our times and our contemporaries*' we are presented with a rhapsody of forty pages of which it is difficult to penetrate the meaning. But the sense, as far as it can be extricated from the perplexity of ideas and mass of words in which it is entangled, appears to be, as follows: The progress of monarchical power, the endless wants of modern governments have produced a systematic oppression under which the spirit and dignity of man are lost. The pains, which are necessary to supply the diversified wants of life, exhaust all the powers of the individual. The sources of manly virtues are left dry. The external appearance, which is still left by a destructive despotism, is substituted for the reality which is seen no more. A vain parade usurps the place of pleasure; whence arise a general vacuity of thought and feebleness of mind; fashion begins to usurp the moral government of the world, and to make every thing really noble and beautiful disappear. Religion, science, art, patriotism and virtue are exhaled in air. This terrible feature of the times is beheld with emotions of alarm, even by those who unconsciously contribute to the production. The mixture of some rays of penetration with a mys-

terious obscurity, of a false pathos, humour, wit, with an occasional insipidity of expression, characterise the work of M. Arndt; and are perfectly in unison with that taste which prevails in the fashionable literature of the day. The author opens his detail, with an apostrophe to that gift of speech by which men are distinguished from the brutes. "*Rede, ohne dich wurdet wir stumm. u. s. w.*" "*O speech, without thee we should be dumb, &c.!*" One specimen of the author's manner may suffice for more. It is in fact not quite so easy a matter to make a good book as the writers of Germany and of England seem to imagine. For this purpose it is not merely sufficient to pour what we think upon paper, though our thoughts may not be bad in themselves. The art of composition must necessarily be added to produce a perfect work. It is not merely that miserable perfection of style which consists in making words run into fluent periods; but it is the real art of writing; which is seen in *cloathing* every thought in a becoming diction, in striking and determinate expressions, in clear connection, luminous arrangement, forcible and well selected imagery without any lurking incongruity. The thought should arise from the diction entire and pure: the ideas should be so disposed, that the reader, charmed by the beauty and fitness of their succession, should follow the thread which the writer affords, perfect his ideas and complete his details. In the writers of our time who seek to shine by singularity, the intelligent reader is continually occupied in correcting the false and the deformed, and in removing the obscurities of the diction in order to penetrate the sense.

In the latter half of his work, the author exhibits successive pictures of the most celebrated nations of ancient and modern times, which are followed by a political and moral view of the present situation of the world. His observations on Greek and Roman history are very superficial. The mode of exhibiting a general and characteristic picture of nations and times has always something attractive, if the writer, in presenting such a gallery of pictures, know how to lay on his colours and vary his light and shade. Correctness of detail is not of so much importance. When we embrace whole centuries at a glance, we readily seize what is sufficiently prominent to employ the imagination. The rapidity of the representation leaves no leisure for the examination of particulars; but hence it cannot make any durable impression. The impetuous and desultory declamation prevents the cold interposition of the judgment. Amid the multiplicity of images, unintelligible expressions are overlooked; but

the striking thoughts, of which this work contains a great number, glide off from the surface, without making any deep or permanent impression. On some historical characters the author makes some good observations; as on the czar Peter I. and on the insipid and common-place descriptions of this extraordinary man; but of whom we can form no just idea without a constant reference to the people from whom he sprung. We have next a characteristic exhibition of the empress Catherine, which is as superficial and turgid as Voltaire's delineation of the czar Peter. The author gives a general view of the Prussian monarchy under Frederick II. of his influence on his own and our times, and of the spirit which animated his administration. The contemporaries of this great man, who, by a powerful impulse gave a new direction to the streams of events, were too much attracted by the interest or spectacle of the moment to form a correct judgment of his genius and his reign. The succeeding generation can better see what he was, what he designed and what he did; for while recent occurrences engage a more lively interest, we can contemplate the past with more impartial eyes.

The author concludes with a description of the political situation of Germany and France. It is worthy of observation that the ordinary capacities, knowledge, and abilities of every description, which at present perform every thing, never succeed in producing grandeur and energy of character. Nor is the composition of M. Arndt well calculated to have this effect; for had Demosthenes addressed the people of Athens, or Cicero the senate of Rome in the way that this writer does the princes, nobility and statesmen of our times, their auditors would either have slunk away or fallen asleep. The author effuses his vehement displeasure at the state of public affairs in a wild stream of vitiated eloquence. Striking remarks and expressions are here and there mixed with a mass of incongruous imagery, hyperbolical figures, impetuous eruptions of sensibility in an ill construed phraseology. But, in this respect the author characterises the spirit of the times, as well as many of the defects which are the theme of his reflections.

ART. III. — *Andeutungen zu vier und zwanzig vortragen, &c. &c.*

Sketches of four-and-twenty Lectures on Archaeology delivered in the Winter of 1806, by C. A. Böttiger. Dresden, 1806. 8vo.

THERE are few things so well adapted to contribute to the

happiness of those who are placed in stations of life, which are elevated above the wants of the first necessity, as the study of the fine arts, which are exhibited in the beautiful remains of antiquity. The present work of M. Bottiger is no superficial performance, but one which evinces deep research and various erudition. This writer defines archæology to be the knowledge of antient works of art, so as to include not only those, which are more particularly denominated classic, but also the antiquities of Asia and of Egypt. He briefly describes the different degrees of initiation in the study of archæology, which belong to the amateur, the literati, the artist, and the connoisseur; and he exemplifies the difference by shewing the different lights in which these several persons view the same monument of antiquity. The author next describes the mode of prosecuting the study of archæology, in which he celebrates the genius of Winkelman, to admire whose works is to have already penetrated into the sanctuary of ancient art. In the fourth and fifth lectures the author conducts us from the pagodas of India, westward to the confines of Persia, with the unicorns and sphinxes in half relief on the walls of Ischelmihar, and thence to Babylon, Palmyra and Balbec. From vi—xi we are occupied with the antiquities of Egypt. The author notes the epochs of Egyptian art from Sesostris to Psammeticus; from the Ptolemies to the conquest of the Romans; and from Sylla to Adrian: here we meet with some good observations on the sphinx. All the gods are delineated by the hieroglyphs of beasts. Where a human figure, or even a figure only with a human head is seen amid the imagery of the Egyptian temples, only a being or person is disguised who ministers in the service of the gods; thus the sphynx was a symbol which often lay in long lines before the temples, and exclaimed to those who went in, "powerful and wise is the Divinity." All the human forms on the capitals of Dendera present no heads of Isis, but are attendants on the ministry of the priests. Thus the colossal figures before the temples, as of Memnon, are representatives of the priesthood, which are sometimes delineated sitting down, at others standing up. The symbolical T which they hold in their hand, and which, according to the most probable interpretation, has been taken for an hieroglyph of the Nile, is considered by the author as the Lingu of an earlier period, which was afterwards followed by the peculiar worship of the Phallus. In the obscurity in which the subject is involved, that explanation appears the most probable which is furnished by Zeigade Obel, p. 440, who regards it as a symbol of universal

empire : and thus this hieroglyph, which is so often employed, is easily explained in all the compositions in which it appears. Nothing relative to the archæology of Egypt is here left unnoticed ; every thing has been diligently collected from the information and discoveries of a remoter period to Palin's explanations of the hieroglyphics on the monument of Rosetta, and Cadet's rolls of papyrus, to which are subjoined such literary references as render these lectures a comprehensive and well-arranged repository of archæological literature. Lectures xii, xiii, describe the archæology of Etruria ;—the architectural monuments, bronze-casts, reliefs and cut-stones. This dark field of research has never been so well elucidated as in the information which is here conveyed. Count Caylus established it as a maxim, that, what is neither Egyptian nor Grecian in the style of beauty, nor Roman in the style of a later period, must be reckoned Etrurian ; and though Heyne and Winkelman perceived that this conclusion was too general, yet in this work, Etrurian art was first circumscribed within those limits to which after numerous enquiries it is proved to belong. For if we ascribe every thing, that is stiff and dry in the arts of design, to the Etruscans, an inconceivable gap will be occasioned in the history of the Grecian art ; but if we consider what is supposed Etrurian, as the *old Greek* style, the perplexity and confusion disappear. The art was indeed partly invented in Etruria, but it was there prosecuted by Grecian artists, and we can no more regard it as Etrurian than we can reckon the portraits which Holbens painted in England as the English school.

The xivth lecture introduces a treatise on style and manner, of which the excellence is seen in the outline which is exhibited : style is the sensational character of a work of art. 'The requisite of style in a work of art is beauty.' This last proposition is obscure, and true only, if we allow to the author that the character which both the master and the whole nation imprint on the work, should not be called style, but *manner*, and consequently cannot properly be said either of the Egyptian, the Etruscan or the Grecian style. But it is better to adhere to the common use of terms ; and to employ the words style and manner in their ordinary acceptation. The word *style* is used, a) in reference to the sensational, b) the imitative ideal, c) to the nation, d) to the age, so that the word *manner* is reserved for that peculiarity which the artist imparts to his performance. We may image beauty unmixed and pure in its greatest possible sensible perfection, or with a predominance of grandeur and sublimity on the one side, or of pleasure and grace on the other. Hence the

author says that there are three kinds of style which come under the denomination of sensational; a) beauty in its highest purity, '*lo stile bello*,' the rule of Polycletus with the expressions of Scopas; the Helen of Zeuxis. b) It passes into the grand and elevated, *lo stile sublime e grandioso*, the Jupiter and Pallas of Phidias, the colossals on the *monte Cavallo*. c) It runs into the charming and agreeable, *lo stile grazioso*, the Medicean Venus, the Apollo, the Hermaphrodite. In respect to the *imitative* we have the ideal and the portrait style. In respect to the national style, we have that of the four artist-nations, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Etruscans, and the Greeks. In respect to the style which is characteristic of the age, we have the most antient, the antient, the middle (of the most blooming period) and the modern Greek; and thus in every nation as far as they have followed the steps of antiquity. Thus all the relations would be enumerated in which the word style is employed; and by continual reference to which, in the following treatise of archæology all confusion would be avoided.

The archæology of Greece next follows; it is discussed in the XIVth to the XXIIId lecture. In this part the matter is more copious and detailed. After a geographical view of the Greeks in Asia Minor and the islands, in lower Italy and Sicily, and in the mother-country, two epochs are expressly fixed of pure Grecian art. I. The most antient and the antient style in two divisions; a) from Homer to Balarchus 719 before Christ. b) The age of Cræsus to the Persian war. II. Art in its sublimity and beauty; which concludes with the age of Alexander the Great, after which we behold the period of imitative and degenerate art. But the history of Grecian art might with more advantage be divided into four epochs: I. epoch; the most antient and antient style. II. The sublime and beautiful style. III. The beautiful and lovely style; the age of Alexander the Great. IV. epoch, the imitative and the degenerate style. The Alexandrines. *Græco-Romani*.) The author proves that the two middle epochs of the sublime and beautiful, and of the beautiful and lovely style, which comprehend the united beauties of the Grecian art, should be classed under six periods, to each of which a first-rate artist belongs, as the precursor of the rest. The god-period of Phidias; the gymnastic youth-period of Polycletus; the athletic period of Myron; the Bacchanal and satyr-period of Scopas; the dancer and courtesan-period of Praxiteles, and the ideal portrait and battle-period of Lysippus. Thus we have a space of two hundred years from Phidias to Lysippus, which comprehends all the excellence of ideal art. Only those works which have the suffrage of antiquity, as the principal

of each master and his scholars, are mentioned and characterized, with a continual reference to the probable imitations, which are still preserved.

The age of Pericles is vividly delineated. The author exhibits the great architectural undertakings of this period; the Odeum, the Parthenon, the Propyleum, with those two specimen of the sublime-ideal which Phidias produced,—his Minerva and his Jupiter. Here the author remarks that among the Greeks, four female forms might be exalted to the ideal; the youthful fair of Doric or Ionic birth; since among the Doric Greeks, the unmarried women enjoyed a greater degree of liberty, wore a lighter and more airy dress, with a double tuck (which the antients called *δωπλαζειν*). The Ionic women wore a long flowing drapery, at most, with only an exposure of the arms, since the females of Ionia and of Athens were wont to live more retired. (*ταπεινζειν*). The representative of all the Doric virgins, is the huntress Diana, in short and light drapery; the decorations of the Ionic and Athenian ladies are preserved in the Athenian Canephoraë, and in many beautiful statues of the muses; a form between both, was, in a later period, allotted to the dancers and bacchanals. b) The matrons, the Argive Juno, the Ceres, the imperial dames, the Cybele of a later period, the Fortuna, Pudicitia, Pietas. c) The courtezans. The Phryne, Cratine, Campaspe led Praxiteles and Apelles to the form of Venus. The *virago*; Minerva, when the author ends with a learned treatise on the three statues of Pallas, which were executed by Phidias, with reference to the beautiful images of Pallas at Dresden and the Pallas of Velletri. He then treats at equal length of the Olympian Jupiter, of the preparation of ivory, and of the school of Phidias.

When the sublime ideal was neglected, Polycletus confined his exertions to elegance, and the department most suited to the attainment, the gymnastic, juvenile figures of beautiful youths and boys, which occasions a dissertation on the gymnastic discipline of the antients, and its influence on the arts and on the softer sex. The author shows what is meant by *the rule* of Polycletus, which he exhibited in his celebrated Doryphorus, of which Pliny says :

‘Doryphorum fecit et quem canona, artifices vocant.’

The lecture on Myron, and the athletic statue-period is copious and satisfactory. Every one talks of Myron's cow, but he, who reads this lecture, will form a more just idea of the extent of his genius and ability. The master-piece of

Scopas was the raving Bacchanal, in which the highest expression of frenzy was united with the highest perfection of female beauty. Praxiteles finished a complete set of ideal deities; in which, by an infusion of tenderness and grace, he gave the highest charm to the sublime creation, in his Diana, his Bacchus, Satyr, Peribætus, and Eros, but more especially in his Venus, which he first ventured to exhibit in a naked form, and in his group of Niobe. The portrait-statue most properly marks the period of Lysippus; he formed indeed statues of the gods, among which that of Hercules was his favourite; but he was distinguished by his union with the intrepid hero, who, at that time, excited the surprize and admiration of the world; and to him and his associate hero, he devoted the excellence of his art. In mentioning the ideal of Alexander, the author notices the controverted question, whether we have the genuine form of this ideal; the author has spared no pains in the elucidation of this subject, and he notices the recent opinion of Visconti in the Museum Napoleon of Louis Petit-Radel. We expect to see every possible light thrown on this subject in a dissertation in which M. Cousinerey has been long employed, agreeably to the medals of Alexander; and still more in the iconography of Visconti, which is so anxiously expected.

The XXIVth lecture embraces the last epoch, or the imitative and degenerate art; first among the Greeks; the successors of Alexander, the Lapidæ, Seleucidæ, kings of Pergamus. The colossal taste is discussed; in which, with the more familiar, we have accounts of more rare occurrences; as, the colossal hearse of Alexander, four stories high, on which a thousand statues and pictures were exhibited, and which was drawn by sixty-four strong mules. We are likewise made acquainted with the great silver bowl which contained 600 metres (each metres equal to 106 pints) which was drawn by 600 men, which appeared in the feast of Bacchus at Alexandria under Ptolemy Philadelphus, in a procession composed of the same monstrous curiosities. The author notices particulars, which admonish us of the propensivity to the colossal in our time. Next comes the period, when taste degenerated into the effeminate, when hermaphrodite figures, and voluptuous groups were multiplied. Rhodes is named as being at this period the richest repository of the arts. The arts among the Romans are briefly dispatched; but the age of Hadrian excites particular attention. This brevity proceeds from the narrow limits to which the author had confined himself, since the great architectural works of the Romans at other times merit our attention and our praise.

The history of the arts, which is a most essential part of archæology, is also discussed in the four and twenty lectures, as appears from these outlines, at considerable length. In order to finish the course of archæology, these lectures should be followed by another set which embrace the museography, or considerations on the contents of the existing galleries of art, according to a particular arrangement. A third division of the subject should comprehend painting, with the Mosaic arts. A fourth would be occupied with the cut-stones. 'It is not easy to determine,' says the author, 'whether medals should form a particular department of the arts or be considered only as an auxiliary to the rest, particularly to sculpture, to which they properly belong; in more than one respect they are the most useful and the least uncertain of all archeological pursuits.' In a course of instruction a general and complete view should be exhibited of medals aptly and chronologically arranged, otherwise the use and the pleasure of seeing them employed as an auxiliary science cannot be felt. Every friend of antiquity and of the arts must rejoice that M. Bottiger has begun an undertaking which he is so well qualified to execute.

ART. IV.—*Coupe d'œil sur les Révolutions, &c.*

A Sketch of the Revolutions of medical Science, and Considerations on its Reform. By J. C. Cabanis, Member of the National Institute, the Medical Society at Paris, &c. &c. Imported by De Boffe.

THIS work is the offspring of that extraordinary period in which the human mind was in a wonderful state of exaltation when all its energies were called into action, and the soundest minds were carried away by the irresistible vortex of popular enthusiasm. Amidst the agitations of the early periods of the French revolution, and the wreck of ancient institutions which accompanied it, it cannot be denied that a strong impulse to renovation and amelioration had seized on the minds of the most enlightened part of the French nation. Public instruction, that article of the first necessity in civilized communities, occupied much of the thoughts of the most eminent members of the legislature. Garat, in the years 1794-5, to whose department this object belonged, had formed a comprehensive plan for the improvement of all the branches of education. Connected with Garat by ties of private friendship, M. Cabanis informs us that he communicated to him his views respecting the application of analytical methods to the study of medicine, and in consequence

of his entreaties he was induced to commit them to paper, with a view of immediate publication. But his work swelling under his hands as he collected and digested his ideas, he at length conceived the plan of simplifying medical science by indicating the methods best calculated to direct the study of each of its branches, and to prefix to the whole an introduction containing a rapid sketch of the revolutions of medical science, and to describe succinctly the general principles which should direct its reform. This introduction is the work before us, the declining state of the author's health forbidding the hope of accomplishing his original design.

Previous to entering on his immediate subject, a preliminary question is introduced, which, if answered in the negative, would render the whole discussion nugatory. It is, *whether the art of medicine itself is founded on a solid basis?* It cannot be denied that many philosophers have regarded medicine as a system of deceit, founded principally on the weakness and credulity of mankind; and that some very enlightened physicians, by confining its powers within very narrow limits, have given great countenance to this opinion. M. Cabanis has not in this place discussed this question at full length, but refers us to another work, 'on the Degree of Certainty to be ascribed to Medicine,' in which he has detailed at length the arguments on each side of the question. The line of argument which he has pursued consists in shewing that the art of medicine, depending on the observation of palpable phenomena, their order and relations, in order to trace the progress of any particular disease, we have no occasion to know in what consists the essence of life, or that of the morbid cause. This in truth applies to the whole of natural philosophy, and doubtless establishes the utility of the medical art, that utility being in a thousand instances apparent from direct and palpable observation. But the question on which medical philosophers themselves are much disagreed remains untouched; we mean the degree and extent of this utility. Nor do we think that any data have been hitherto laid before the public, by which they may be enabled to form a just and impartial decision upon it. Exaggerated pretensions and inflated declamation on the one hand, on the other invectives equally unjust and sarcastic taunts have been the weapons employed by the respective disputants. In a contest so conducted we look in vain for the sober results of dispassionate enquiry.

Having answered this preliminary question, M. Cabanis proceeds to take a view of the origin and progress of the science, of the most celebrated schools in which it has been cultivated, and notices particularly some of its most eminent

teachers and improvers. In this view he has seemed more solicitous to fascinate his readers by the eloquence of his descriptions and the beauty of his pictures than to supply them with a sober detail formed of materials of unquestionable authority. The æra of Hippocrates is the earliest which affords authentic documents for the history of medicine; and even the greater part of what has passed from one writer to another concerning the life of this great man has been proved to be fabulous by the most judicious critics. But M. Cabanis has not scrupled to amuse us with these fables, conceiving, perhaps, that though the truth of them may not bear the scrutiny of a critical research, they at least prove the reverence with which the name of the father of medicine was regarded for a succession of ages. But we cannot approve of this sort of pious fraud; and think that the narration of gross and palpable fictions is very much misplaced in a work, which professes to have for its object the reform of the science by introducing more correct methods of analysis into its elements. But we must acknowledge that in the following passage he has judiciously characterized the spirit which pervades the genuine works of the Grecian sage.

‘Good sense, joined to the faculty of invention, is the distinguishing characteristic of a small number of privileged men: (I mean that good sense, which soars above prevailing opinions, and the decisions of which anticipate the judgments of ages). Hippocrates was of this number. He saw that too much, and yet not enough had been done for medicine, and he accordingly separated it from philosophy, to which they had not been able to unite it by their true and reciprocal relations. He brought the science back again into its natural channel—that of rational experience. However, as he himself observes, he introduced both these sciences into each other, for he regarded them as inseparable; but he assigned to them relations which were altogether new. In a word, he freed medicine from false theories, and formed for it sure and solid systems: this he with justice said, was to render medicine philosophical. On the other hand, he elucidated moral and natural philosophy, by the light of medical science. This we may, with propriety, call, with him, the introduction of the one into the other. Such, then, was the general outline of his plan.

‘The true philosophical spirit, with which Hippocrates was animated, is fully displayed in his history of epidemics, and in his books of aphorisms. His epidemics form not merely beautiful descriptions of some of the most severe diseases, but also point out in what points of view observations upon them should be made; how we may arrest their most striking features, without bewildering ourselves, and without misleading and fatiguing the reader or hearer, by useless details. His books of aphorisms have, in all ages, been regarded as

models of grandeur of conception, and precision of style. Through the whole of them, we may remark that truly universal method, the only one which is adapted to the mode in which our intellectual faculties are exercised; and which, in every art, and in every science, by making the principles flow naturally from the observations that have been collected, transform the deductions from facts, into general rules;—a method, which has been only very lately reduced to a systematic form, and which, in former ages, could only be guessed at by a few men of comprehensive minds.

This new spirit of improvement, that was introduced into medicine, resembled a sudden light which dispels the phantoms of darkness, and restores to bodies their proper figure and natural colour. By rejecting the errors of former ages, Hippocrates learned more fully to avail himself of the useful part of their labours. The connection and dependence, both of the facts which had been observed, and of the conclusions which were legitimately deduced from their comparison, were now perceived with a degree of evidence which, till then, had been unknown. All the discoveries were certainly not yet made, but from that moment, inquirers began to pursue the sole path which can conduct to them; from that moment, if they had been able to preserve themselves from delusion, they would have possessed sure means of estimating, with precision, the new ideas which time was destined to develop; and if the disciples of Hippocrates had understood his lessons well, they might have laid the foundation of that analytical philosophy, by the aid of which the human mind will be henceforth enabled to create to itself, as it were, daily, some new and improved instruments of advancement.

Thus, then, this great man, far from banishing from medicine that true species of philosophy, with the aid of which it cannot dispense, extended, on the contrary, the advantages which they may derive from each other, by determining the limits that separate them, and uniting their general principles and particular doctrines, by the only relations that are really common to them.

Passing from the school of Cos, that of Cnidos, of which we have no other account than what is contained in the Hippocratic writings, the Pythagorean or Italian school, and the state of medicine at Rome, with the systems of Asclepiades, Themison, and finally of Galen are rapidly presented to our view.

The narrative is lively, and rendered interesting by ingenious, and sometimes by solid and useful reflection. But it displays more of vivacity than of learning, of which indeed a single page of Leclerc contains more than the whole volume of M. Cabanis. It is extremely deficient too in that respect upon which, from its title, we should be led to expect it to be the most copious. By the *revolutions* of any science we understand principally the changes of opinions and doctrines which mark the different eras of its cultivation. But we cannot say that the student will collect from the pages of

M. Cabanis any important information, on the doctrines and practice of the ancient writers. This is, however, a subject of the greatest interest; for after all the attempts to eradicate the doctrines by the introduction of more refined theories, many of them have descended even to our own days; they are interwoven in the very language which is in daily use, of the import of which we must have very inadequate conceptions, without being acquainted with the original ideas which it was intended to convey.

From Galen, M. Cabanis passes to the epoch of the Arabians. We think that the writers of the fourth century, Oribasius, Aetius, Alexander of Trelles, and Paulus Aegineta, should not have been wholly passed over in neglectful silence, for though they were principally compilers, yet they are not, particularly the last, without original matter. The same objection is also true of the Arabian writers, who were mostly merely translators of the works of Hippocrates, Galen and Aristotle.

From this dark period we pass with pleasure to the dawn of a brighter day. Chemistry began to be cultivated, and Paracelsus, however absurd in his theories and extravagant in his pretensions, rendered some real services to science, and employed either with more boldness, or more judgment than his predecessors, some medicines of acknowledged efficacy. Literature flying from the east to the barbarous domination of the Turkish hordes, was revived in Italy, and was thence diffused over Europe. Medicine assumed its rank among the sciences. The works of Hippocrates were taught, illustrated, and commented upon along with those of Plato; and in Italy, France, and Germany, the schools began to assume a new character. A countryman of our own, contributed in no small degree to the revival and diffusion, as well of the science which he particularly professed, as of classical literature in general. He is noticed by M. Cabanis in the following words:

‘Linacre went to Italy to procure the knowledge, which at that time there were not the means of obtaining in England. He became the disciple of Demetrius and of Angelo Politian, and lived in the strictest intimacy with that assemblage of men of learning, whose fame had induced him to quit his native country; and when he came back to England some years afterwards, loaded with the most honourable spoils, his return was distinguished by a marked public service. Linacre prevailed upon King Henry VIII, to whom he was principal physician, to found the college of physicians of London; a respectable institution, which, even at the time of its establishment, was productive of real benefit, and has since continued to increase in splendor and utility. Linacre was president of it

at its opening, and exerted his utmost endeavours to promote its welfare; and in order to associate his name still more closely with the advantages which he expected to accrue from it to his country and to the art, he bequeathed his own house to the college, with the intention that it should continue to be the place of its meetings, and the scene of all its labours.

But the reverence which we pay to the ancient masters is due not merely to their antiquity, nor to the venerable and beautiful language in which their doctrines are clothed. In Hippocrates we admire the manly and philosophic spirit which, disdaining the superstitions of the times, worshipped only at the altar of nature and truth. It were a despicable prejudice to deny that a portion of the same spirit has descended to animate the writings of some of the moderns. To the genius of Stahl M. Cabanis does ample justice. He took a philosophical view of the human frame as a whole, animated by a living principle, by the influence of which all the actions of life are regulated. If he denominated this principle the soul, it is probable that he used the term rather in a negative than in a positive sense, and it is at least as intelligible as the *nervous power, sensibility, vital principle* of our modern schools. Van Helmont, under the still more obscure denomination of Archæus, acknowledged the same principle. He also has the merit of being the first who demonstrated the influence of the epigastric organs upon the rest of the system. Some obscure hints of this influence are to be found in the writings of Hippocrates; but he seems to have noticed it merely for the purpose of observing the narrow limits within which he supposed it to be confined. We have no doubt of the general correctness of the views suggested by this theory, and think it too much neglected by English physicians. In continuing his review of modern writers we are surprized to find Sydenham placed anterior in order to Harvey; and we are led to infer from it that he thought him anterior in time; though we cannot charge the author from any thing that he has said, with so gross an anachronism. Of the former of these two great men it is justly observed,

‘The practice of Sydenham effected a real revolution in physic. It was the triumph, not of a transcendent genius, who reforms every thing by bold and general views, but of an observer, who investigates with sagacity, who conducts his researches with skill, and who is always guided by a sure method. The theories of Sydenham were, it must be acknowledged, contracted, or even erroneous; and beyond the sphere of his experience, in which his natural penetration supplied the place of all other talents, his ideas were, in general, very limited; but no physician ever exerted so beneficial an influence on

that branch of the art, to which all the others are subservient on its practical application; and in this respect no one was ever more deserving of the title of restorer of true medical science.'

If the ideas of this great and good man, out of the sphere of his own profession, were more confined than we should expect to find them, it may be readily accounted for, without supposing him destitute of talents equal to the acquirement of any branch of human knowledge. But he seems to have understood more than any other modern, the true and legitimate object of the medical art, and the sort of knowledge which is most necessary to its successful cultivation and improvement. The time and labour therefore which he bestowed upon the observations he has transmitted to us was infinite; his patience was inexhaustible, his industry indefatigable. He might well then be absolved for paying less attention to sciences, the relation of which to medicine was obscure and remote, and if he has occasionally spoken of them in terms which shew the little account he made of them, he did but evince a just contempt for a set of men who strive to conceal their ignorance of real medical science by making a parade of the skill in arts, which can be considered only as auxiliary and ornamental. This is a generation of men which is at all times abundant. How many have we in our days who are (as they would make us believe) able chemists, great naturalists, profound anatomists, in short, any thing, to conceal from the world the dangerous secret, that they are no physicians. If the theories of Sydenham seem low and jejune when compared to the refined and metaphysical subtleties of our modern schools, let us consider that he himself laid but little stress upon them, and that at least they had equal if not superior merit, to those of his contemporaries; that his *concoction*, his *fermentation*, and his *despumation* were intended only to express the analogy between the secret processes, which are carried on in the human frame, and common operations, which are presented to us daily; an analogy, which they do not unaptly represent; and finally, let us above all consider that he never bent his practice to this theory, but conformed his theory to this practice. We much doubt whether a hundred years hence, the plain and unvarnished opinions of the honest Sydenham will not have an equal value with most of the dogmas at present in vogue, specious as they are, and founded, as their favourers would have us believe, on something like the basis of demonstration.

After paying a just tribute to the vigorous and comprehensive mind of the learned and laborious Boerhaave, to the sagacious Hoffman, and to the eloquent and penetrating

Baglivi, M. Cabanis concludes the first part of his work with an account of the present state of medical education. The observations however are entirely general. We were in hopes of gaining some information on the present or recent condition of the schools of medicine in France. A short note containing an intimation that the republican government had organised some medical schools, particularly those of Paris and Montpellier, is all that we meet with on the subject.

The third division of the work is occupied by general views on the subject of medical education. The object of this art being practical, those who exercise it are exposed to the common causes of error, which infest the conduct of human life. The principal of these may be comprehended under two heads, false judgments, and defective language. The first *most affects* the individual in his private capacity, the second is the grand obstacle to the communication of knowledge. When the objects of our contemplation are in their nature complicated, and still more when their constituent elements are essentially fugitive, indeterminate, and variable, we become inevitably exposed to both these sources of error. The objects of medicine unfortunately possess these characteristics, more strongly perhaps than those of any other science whatever, and hence we have an adequate account of the great imperfections which have pervaded, and doubtless still pervade medical classifications, whether they regard the subjects of the science, namely human diseases, or the instruments of the art, that is to say, the applications used in the treatment of diseases. Entirely to overcome them is a task which will probably be found superior to the human faculties. To diminish the evil, and to make some approaches toward perfection can be effected only by a steady pursuit of two objects; we mean, by the accumulation of correct and solid observation, and by the adoption of a language simple, precise, comprehensive, and sufficiently copious to express without redundancy all the necessary ideas. M. Cabanis has well pointed out the many obstacles which we have to encounter in this attempt.

‘How much experience in observation,’ he remarks, ‘how much sagacity is required for distinguishing in a disease the primary and essential phenomena that characterise it, the phenomena to which all the others are merely accessory or consequent! How great skill and discernment are necessary for appreciating the influence which the latter have on the original disorder, and for ascertaining the modifications they produce in it, even while they remain entirely subordinate! How much presence of mind and attention are requisite for following all the variations of symptoms in order not to be deceived by the different appearances which the disease may assume in its different stages, or by the changes which its natural character,

or new and unusual combinations of symptoms, or the influence of external circumstances may cause it to experience ! Add to this the embarrassment, which the investigation of the remote or proximate causes cannot fail to occasion to an accurate observer.'

What then is to be done for the improvement of an art, which, in refined and luxurious ages, is esteemed one of the greatest necessity ? The views of M. Cabanis are solid and judicious ; but he seems to us to dwell too much on vague generalities, and not to bring his reasonings to bear with sufficient force on the point in question. We look forward through every page to the objects of our research, but find ourselves at last nearly in the same place as when we set out. A particular section is given to an 'Exposition of the Processes of Philosophical Analysis, as applied to Medicine.' In this section are unfolded with great correctness and perspicuity the different methods of investigation applicable to the various branches of human knowledge. The *descriptive method of investigation* is that which applies to natural history ; the objects of chemistry are subject to the *method of investigation by analysis and re-composition* ; phenomena occurring in a series in successive portions of time are assigned to the *historical method of investigation* ; and finally, when we contemplate the relations existing between our own conceptions, and deduce the series of truths which flow from these relations for this purpose, we employ the *deductive method of investigation*. Medicine is connected, more or less intimately, with each of these methods ; and no one should aspire to the rank of an improver of the science, who is not competently versed in each, and well acquainted with their distinct and proper boundaries. But in the great concern, which gives to the science all its real value, in the treatment and cure of diseases, the *historical method*, which joins to it the *descriptive method* likewise, claims the first and the highest attention. To understand what is passing before his eyes is impossible, unless he is familiar with the *history of diseases*, that is to say, with the phenomena of the diseased subject, their order and succession. To communicate to others the knowledge he has himself acquired is an object of still greater importance, since without it the science must necessarily be at a stand, and all improvement must perish with the inventor. It is however an art so rare, that excellence in it may be justly assumed as a standard of genius of the first order. That the ancients have left us descriptions that may be deemed models of their kind is allowed by all competent judges. But candour, we think, must force us to admit that they were not without great defects, and that the industry of the moderns has greatly supplied the chasm which they have left. With the method of *analysis and re-*

composition, medicine is but remotely connected, though it may be elucidated and directed to new discoveries by the *historical method*; and in its turn it often becomes a necessary guide to the latter. In what way the *method of deductive investigation* is applicable to medical science, M. Cabanis has not, as far as we can find, attempted to explain, though he has dwelt at some length on its essential properties. It is obvious, however, that its legitimate object is the arrangement of facts and the improvement of language. In these distinctions M. Cabanis, we need hardly say, has taken for his guide the writings of Condillac, particularly his *Langue des Calculs*. We must repeat our wish that we had seen more clearly and distinctly its utility and application.

We have received by far the greatest pleasure from the fourth chapter of Mons. C.'s work, which contains reflections on the various branches of medical research, Anatomy, Physiology, the relations of Medicine and Moral philosophy, Pathology, Semiotics, and Therapeutics, Hygiene, Surgery, *Materia Medica*, Chemistry and Pharmacy, Botany, and lastly Veterinary Medicine. On the subject of anatomy, which, it is certain, may be perfectly understood, without a single grain of true medical knowledge, we shall transcribe the following sentiments, to the justice of which we completely subscribe :

‘Though physiological anatomy be more limited in the sphere it embraces, than the anatomy of description, yet it is still less so than what may be called therapeutic anatomy. The illustration of the different vital functions, as founded upon the mere structure of the organs which perform them, has already made some progress, and bids fair to make further advances. But we are less in want of anatomy, properly so called, than of a good collection of observations upon the living system. We are well acquainted with the organization of several parts of the body, respecting the uses of which we are intirely ignorant. The experiments that we might be disposed to institute in order to ascertain the functions of these parts, are in general very difficult; some of them, even, appear to be impossible, at least with our present means of research: and with respect to that branch of anatomy which I have termed therapeutical, and which admits of frequent application to practice, it is confined within very narrow limits. The contrary opinion, which has become very prevalent, originates, perhaps, both from the prejudices of ignorance, and from that sort of learning which is acquired by laborious and repulsive studies. The structure, situations, and connections of the different viscera, the distribution of the principal trunks of the blood-vessels and nerves, the form and disposition of the bones, the insertions of the muscles, the expansions of the tendinous membranes, and, perhaps, also some other particulars equally easy to learn, ought to be all familiar to the physician. Perhaps, we may venture to add, that, even in surgical operations, a minute

knowledge of anatomy is very rarely of use. For a confirmation of this assertion, I might with confidence appeal to the candour and discrimination of the most enlightened surgeons.'

The third section on the relations of medicine and moral philosophy prove the writer not to have confined his observations within the narrow routine of his art, but to have taken an enlarged and philosophical view of human nature, and to have entered deeply into the springs which regulate the conduct of the moral man. That many of the irregularities and crimes, which violate the peace and derange the harmony of human society, are the offspring of propensities arising from the physical constitution of man, and which can be wholly subdued by no other means than by effecting physical changes in his constitution, is a truth, the evidence of which is the stronger the more deeply it is considered.

'In the different asylums which have been instituted for the reception of lunatics, in those, too, which the legislators appropriate to the confinement of criminals, whose errors are but a species of insanity, you may find numerous proofs perhaps still more striking, of those constant relations between the physical and moral constitution of man. From their inspection you may learn, that criminal habits, and aberrations of reason are always accompanied by certain organical peculiarities, manifested in the external form of the body, in the features, or in the physiognomy. And you must remark that these two species of disorders are frequently blended, and are always more or less intimately connected together. I confine myself purposely to these most striking examples the subjects of which are constantly before our eyes, and may be therefore so easily examined.'

We wish that the truth of these observations was impressed upon the minds of legislators, and upon all to whom are entrusted the correction of morals, and the institutions devoted to the peace, order and happiness of human society. They would see, that scourgings, imprisonments and executions, are far from the most efficacious instruments for the controul of human passions; and that these outrages on humanity must always prove vain, and for that very reason, a needless and criminal addition to human misery, when set in opposition to the irresistible propensities of human nature. By the establishment of these salutary and important truths, medicine with its kindred sciences, (for to them the establishment of them pertains) will have abundantly redeemed the honour it has sometimes lost, by the occasional fallacy of its pretensions and the more frequent inertness of its means.

In the sciences of pathology, semiotics, and therapeutics, the doctrines of which, when combined, form the real practical part of medicine, M. Cabanis takes occasion to de-

clare his preference of the descriptions of the antients, to any of those which have issued from the pens of the moderns. He conjectures even that a physical reason may be given for this superiority, which he is inclined to attribute to the inhabitants of Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Hellespont, possessing a superiority in natural penetration, over those of the northern or western parts of Europe. Few will be inclined to agree with him, either as to the facts or the inference he has drawn from them. We are more willing to assent to the excellence of a method, in practice among the Greek physicians, and which we should be glad to see introduced into modern discipline, as far as the habits of modern life would permit it. The ancient physicians in the greatest repute carried their pupils along with them to visit their patients, and thus accustomed them to observe nature in its different aspects; to follow it in all the changes which it undergoes; to foresee the results of its spontaneous efforts, and to calculate the effects of remedies. It is obvious that our attendance on hospitals and clinical lectures, are but imperfect imitations of this practice, and in many respects much inferior to it. Were it the custom for every practical physician to take two or three pupils into his own house, to be both the witnesses and assistants of his own practice, we are persuaded that the art would be better taught, and the interest both of the instructor and of his patients might be promoted. Of *chemistry*, M. Cabanis has given an opinion similar to that already pronounced on the subject of anatomy. Its alliance with the practice of physic is but remote. It is no doubt useful and necessary that a practitioner should possess the knowledge of the changes, which the different sorts of food or medicine may undergo, in consequence of their admixture with the different substances they meet with in the stomach, but these changes are less various or important than is commonly imagined; and even if they were more so, it would still be very difficult to ascertain them with accuracy. He is inclined, therefore, very nearly to subscribe to the sentiment of Stahl, who, in his own day, was more competent than any other man living, to speak decisively on the subject. He bluntly pronounced, '*Chemiæ usus in medicinâ nullus, aut fere nullus;*' and what was true then, we are inclined to think, is by no means so false now-a-days as is commonly imagined.

The fifth chapter of the work treats on the accessory branches of study, comprehending natural history, mechanical philosophy, mathematics, philosophical methods, moral philosophy, the arts and belles lettres, ancient and modern languages. Some of these subjects are so intimately

connected with those which have preceded them, that the most essential remarks have been anticipated in the former chapters. What is said on each, shows the same correct judgment, and the same enlightened views as distinguish the former parts, and more particularly the last chapter. But we do not find any thing to which we wish particularly to call the attention of our readers.

We certainly feel justified in recommending this work to students of medicine and those who have, in the exercise of their art, higher views than the emolument they derive from it. Considered as a work of learning, we think it has but feeble claims to commendation ; and we suspect that with all his apparent admiration of the monuments of antiquity, M. Cabanis is principally acquainted with them through the medium of modern translators or commentators. Even with regard to the works of our English Hippocrates, our venerable Sydenham, a particular passage gives us reason to think that he has contented himself with using some second-hand authority instead of going to the fountain head. We mean an assertion, we find in the 12th section of the second chapter, that in his *Treatise on acute Diseases* (a title, by the bye, which is not applicable to any one of Sydenham's works) he mentions, as a proof of the excellence of his method, the circumstance of its having received the approbation of his illustrious friend, Mr. Locke. Such a passage we do not recollect, nor do we believe that it exists in any genuine edition of Sydenham's works. But, making allowance for those blemishes, the student will find, besides the historical part, some practical assistance to his studies, a correct estimate of the relative importance of the different branches of medical science, and a truly enlarged and philosophical view of the relation between the medical profession and the best interests of the human species.

In the extracts we have made from this work we have used the translation of Dr. Henderson, who has performed the office of translator with elegance and fidelity; and who has enriched his edition with some valuable notes, in which he has corrected several errors into which M. Cabanis had fallen in the text. Dr. Henderson's edition is printed for Johnson.

ART. V.—*Novum Testamentum Græce. New Testament in Greek* By D. J. Griesbach. Vol. II. Containing the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles, with the Apocalypse. Second Edition, with Additions and Improvements. Hall in Saxony. 8vo. Payne, London. 1806.

AFTER a lapse of ten years since the publication of the first volume of this truly classical edition of the Greek Testament, we have to congratulate the public on the appearance of the second. The delay, which has taken place, has been favourable to the correctness of the present volume, as it has given the editor more time to extend his researches, and to take advantage of every help, which the progress of Biblical literature has supplied. Most true is what the editor says in the preface to the present volume, that there is no book in the whole compass of ancient literature, which, in the narrow space of two 8vo volumes, contains such an exuberance of various readings, with such a multitude of authorities for each, without fatiguing the patience of the reader by the notice of trivial differences or an idle parade of names. In revising the text and determining the superior excellence of any reading, the author has followed those canons of criticism which he prefixed to his first edition; and which the learned of all countries have ratified by their unanimous approbation. In his edition of the Gospels the editor had observed that the manuscripts, the versions and the fathers might be distributed into several classes, in which he remarked the traces of different ancient revisions; and in this volume, says Griesbach, they will be convinced of this, who will peruse the notes, which are subjoined to the text, without any narrow prepossessions; and will attentively consider the authorities which are adduced either for or against the more important variations. In the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of Paul, the MSS A, B, C, and others of the same family shew, as it were, the genealogical extraction of the authorities. But in the catholic epistles, and in the Apocalypse, which were either little regarded or totally rejected in the Christian world during the four first centuries, and which were consequently seldom transcribed, the author was destitute of the same facilities to enable him to discriminate the ancient revisions of the text.

Former editors of the New Testament seem to have considered it as a sort of sacrilege to make any alterations in the text, even though those alterations were approved by the rules of sound criticism, and sanctioned by the evidence of the best and oldest manuscripts. It was not considered, that the same rules of criticism and the same calculations of

probability in favour of the truth or falsehood of any particular reading in a classic author were applicable to the writers of the New Testament; and that to retain a reading, which was evidently spurious, merely because it had been long received, was to shew a greater regard for antiquity than for truth. If the various readings had not been so numerous as to refute the assertion, we should probably have heard it contended by the advocates for inspiration, that the text of the New Testament had been preserved free from any alteration by a miraculous interposition. But there are no books in which various readings so much abound, which may arise from this circumstance, that there are no books which have been so much copied, or to which so strong and general an interest has been attached; and they have consequently suffered not only from the common errors of transcription like other books, but in many cases (as in that of 1 John V. 7, 8) from premeditated alterations, interpolations, or omissions, to serve the purpose of a particular sect, and to multiply the arguments in favour of some particular opinion.

Christians of all denominations appear to us to be under the highest obligations to the venerable editor of this incomparable edition, for the fidelity and diligence with which he has collected from former editions, from MSS, versions and the fathers, every reading of any moment; for the sagacity and judgment with which he has noted the different degrees of authority which are due to each; and for the enlightened impartiality with which he has expunged from the text those readings which were evidently spurious, and introduced others which, after the most mature deliberation and the most unwearied research, he deemed more deserving of reception. In the text of the former edition, where there were two different readings, between which it seemed difficult to decide the preponderance of proof, both were retained; and it was left to the reader to determine the preference: but in the present edition that reading only is retained which appeared to the editor the best; and the other is, as usual, thrown into the margin. Thus for instance in Rom. XII. 11. *καταρα* is inserted in the text and *καταρα* printed in the margin. In 1 Tim. III. 16, *ὁς* alone appears in the text. In the present edition we sometimes find a quite different reading from what appeared in the text of the former edition, and the reading of the first edition is lowered to the margin. The editor has paid great attention to the punctuation, on which the sense so much depends.

In an appendix at the end of the volume we have a very learned, judicious and comprehensive dissertation on 1 John V, 7, 8, in which the author has given a condensed summary

of all the authorities for, and against, the disputed passage *ἐν τῷ ὁρισμῷ*, &c. to *ἐν τῇ νῆ*. This interpolation, which has been abandoned with so much reluctance and after such an obstinate conflict, by the advocates for the Trinitarian hypothesis, is to be found only in one Greek manuscript belonging to the library of Trinity college, Dublin; and which manuscript was written so late as the 15th or 16th century; and altered from the readings of the Latin Vulgate. It was not inserted in the first and second editions of Erasmus, nor in the editions of Aldus, Gerbelius, Colinaeus, &c., nor in the versions of Luther which were published in his life time, nor in several which were printed after his death. It is omitted in the ancient versions and in all the Greek fathers, who were not likely to have lost sight of such a formidable weapon in the heat of theological hostility; if they had been acquainted with its existence they would certainly have wielded it without any mercy against their heretical opponents. Nor can we suppose that the orthodox fathers of the Latin church would have neglected such a powerful engine of refutation on one side and of conviction on the other. But, unfortunately for them, the passage was not known, till that trusty gentleman, Vigilus of Tapsus, at the conclusion of the fifth century, found it reposed in the archives of his own brain; from which he very conscientiously introduced it to the world as the genuine production of the apostle. This said Vigilus is reported to have been very dexterous in the science of literary forgery; and with equal modesty and truth to have published works in the name of Athanasius, Augustine and other holy men. Nay, there is good reason to believe that, if it had not been for the *incorruptible honesty*, combined with the powerful inventive faculty of this Vigilus, the creed, which is ascribed to St Athanasius, and which, from its *unrivalled charity, unclouded perspicuity and forcible logic*, is so well fitted to support the infallible egotism of every orthodox establishment, would never have been brought to light; and consequently many might yet have remained to be taught that they will be everlastingly buried in an ocean of ignited sulphur for not believing, what *must command assent, because it can never be either explained or understood*.

After the age of Vigilus, who, notwithstanding the services which he had rendered to the church, could not be saved by the prayers of the orthodox from dying like other men, the passage concerning the *three witnesses*, &c. which he had bequeathed as a legacy to the lovers of that creed in which there is the least sense, was foisted into the Latin MSS. of the New Testament, till it found its way into one solitary Greek transcript where it was discovered by Erasmus, who introduc-

ed it into his third edition, '*ne sit causa calumniandi*,' lest the orthodox should find fault with the omission, though he suspected at the time that the words were a spurious derivation from the Latin. Of 132 MSS. says Griesbach, which have been examined by the learned, not one contains the 7th verse; and he dares confidently to affirm that there is no Greek MSS. extant in any library in Europe, with the exception of that above mentioned, in which this gross interpolation is to be found. In short, the accumulated sagacity, diligence and zeal of the orthodox advocates for the text have been able to adduce so few arguments in favour of its genuineness, and those so impotent, fallacious and superficial, that Griesbach, at the conclusion of his admirable dissertation, asserts that, if such arguments were deemed sufficient to give credibility to any reading where there was such a weight of evidence on the other side, every criterion of truth or falsehood in any critical question would be lost, and the whole text of the New Testament would be exposed to uncertainty and doubt. There are six hundred readings, which are universally acknowledged to be in the highest degree futile and untenable, which yet he says that he could support with a greater weight and cogency of proof than the orthodox can produce in favour of this spurious verse which they have so pertinaciously maintained.

In his edition of the New Testament Griesbach has been accused of endeavouring to favour a particular set of opinions, and of adopting those readings which make most in support of a preconceived hypothesis. But those who will peruse the excellent canons of criticism, which he has prefixed to his first volume, and who will examine how far he has been governed by them in the settlement of the text and the execution of his work, will be convinced that the charge is false; and that the editor, instead of being biassed in his decision by his partiality for any sect, has been governed only by an enlightened and disinterested love of truth. In fixing the text Griesbach has been directed by the best, most antient and most approved manuscripts; and if the readings of these manuscripts be found most favourable to the Unitarian hypothesis, those who are styled orthodox, instead of blaming the partiality of the editor, might with more justice condemn the authority of the scriptures. Instead of leaving the genuineness of any reading to be determined by the preponderance of evidence in the best, most ancient and most approved MSS. shall we refer it to the dogmatical assertions of the blind advocates for what is called orthodox belief? Is the name of orthodoxy to supply the want of evidence, and to give to the impotency of falsehood the stability of truth?

Christianity is a highly rational religion ; its reasonableness, as the great Locke long ago observed, is the most forcible argument in favour of its truth ; and we have little doubt that the more the text of the christian scriptures is examined by the rules and explained by the light of sound criticism, the more it will be found that THOSE SCRIPTURES CONTAIN NO DOCTRINE WHICH IS CONTRARY TO REASON.

ART. VI.—*Memoires et Lettres du Mareschal, &c.*

Memoirs and Letters of the Marshal de Tessé, containing secret Anecdotes and historical Facts during Part of the Reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. 8vo. Paris, 1807. London Deconchy.

THE subject of these memoirs made no mean figure in the brilliant court of Louis the XIVth, and was employed in several situations of trust and consequence by that monarch,

Jean-Baptiste-René de Froullai, comte de Tessé, was born in the year 1631. He was soon introduced into public life by his uncle, the comte de Froullai, who had a post of honour in the household of the king. At the age of eighteen he entered into the army, and served in the war of 1672, when the French monarch invaded Holland, and on the Rhine in 1677 and 1678, under the orders of the marechal de Crequi, in which campaigns he distinguished himself on several occasions. Several wounds which he received bore a strong testimony that he was not fearful of exposing his own person to the hazards of war. A family connection secured to him the patronage of the minister Louvois. Through his influence he obtained in 1686 the chief command of the province of Dauphiny, having previously received from the king the appointment of *mestre de camp general* of dragoons.

The year 1685 was distinguished for the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the barbarous resolution, which was taken, to constrain the sectaries to abjure their religion by the force of military executions. The atrocious cruelties, by which this inhuman project was supported, are well known. The count de Tessé, to please his superiors, became one of the instruments of this design. But in this enterprise religious zeal had not the smallest influence upon his mind ; on which account, probably, he did not give way to the same excesses as many others indulged in. The following letter, which he wrote to Louvois, pretty clearly develops both the state of his own mind, and that of the minister on this occasion,

‘ My Lord, I promised you, in the last letter I had the honour to write, that apparently the success of our conversions would equal our expectations. I this day perform my promise; not only has the whole city of Orange been converted in a single day; but the states have taken the business into deliberation, and even the gentlemen of the parliament who seemed disposed to show a little pertinacity, have come to the same resolution, four and twenty hours afterwards. All this is managed very quietly without violence or disorder. There are none but the minister Chambrun, the patriarch of the country, who refuses to listen to reason; for as to the president, who seemed to aspire to the honour of martyrdom, he and all the rest of the parliament, would have turned Mahometans, had I wished it. I send you the form of the deliberation, and the abjuration of each individual. I cannot conceal from you, that these good folks have proposed to me some most extravagant articles of faith. One of the least so, and hardest to get over, was the necessity they thought themselves under, of putting the king’s name and authority into every line, to exculpate themselves, to their own prince,* by the appearance of constraint. You will see that I have not suffered a syllable of this to stand. As to points of faith, the bishop of Orange is satisfied; but I thought it my duty to be very stiff, and not to suffer the royal authority to be spoken of in other terms. At all events, the king should regard whatever is done with these people, like drawing out of a poor country all that is possible.’

The sentiments of disgust which naturally arise from such a letter on such a subject, we can with difficulty suppress. The following anecdote shows the spirit which animated these zealous military apostles. A detachment of dragoons had been sent to a village, to convert the inhabitants. The poor people all in a fright declared their readiness to abjure. On this promise De Tessé withdrew the detachment. ‘ I much fear,’ cried a captain, provoked at losing the booty he expected, ‘ I much fear, general, that these wretches are only laughing at us, for as yet they have not given us time to instruct them.’

The war, which followed the league of Augsburgh, gave the count still higher employments, and enabled him to display the versatility of his talents. He served in Italy under Catinat, and gained great reputation by his successful defence of Pignerol against the armies of the allies. But he contrived to obtain an appointment still more favourable to his future fortunes. Dexterously insinuating himself into the se-

* The prince of Orange, stadtholder of the United States was the lawful sovereign of this little principality, which Louis kept possession of, under the pretence of sequestration, but which was not regularly ceded, till several years afterwards.

eret intercourse which was carried on during the first years of the war between the French court and that of Turin, he at length was appointed negociator, and in 1695 brought to a conclusion a treaty between the two powers, by which he detached the duke of Savoy from the cause of the allies. One of the articles of this treaty was a marriage between the duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis, and the eldest daughter of the duke. De Tessé thus obtained a powerful protectress in the person of the future duchess of Burgundy, who was bound to him, as having been the instrument of her own elevation.

But to serve and to ingratiate himself with his master, the count did not confine himself to the mere duties of his station, or to the employment of the ordinary instruments of corruption. His residence at Turin gave him access to the comtesse de Verrue, mistress to the duke of Savoy, a woman who employed his credit to gratify her ruling passions, which seem to have been avarice and ambition. Her history is singular. Married in very early life to the comte De Verrue, and introduced at court, she infused the heart of Victor Amadeus himself at that time a very young man. She perceived his passion; and communicating her discovery to her husband and mother-in-law, beseeched them to secure her from its consequences by sending her into the country. They treated her warnings as visionary, and even made her home uncomfortable by the contempt she experienced. But by the assistance of an uncle of her husband's, the abbé de Verrue, she escaped to France, and entreated the protection of her father the duc de Loynes. He would have taken her to Paris, but the abbé, a man who had been employed in several embassies, and who was at that moment a minister of state, opposed so many obstacles to his design that he returned to Paris, leaving her, as he conceived, in the safest hands, at the waters of Bourbon. The old fox no sooner saw the father's back turned than he gave the reins to an infamous passion, and attempted the honour of his niece. Repulsed with merited indignation, he took her back to Turin, loaded her with injuries, and widened more than ever the breach between herself and her family. In a situation so distressing, deprived of the support of her own family, persecuted by her husband's, no wonder that she accepted the refuge offered her by yielding to the solicitations of an enamoured sovereign.

With the duke she lived for twelve or fourteen years. But she seems not to have been better contented as a mistress, than she had been as a wife. Though she possessed much power, and employed it (with little scruple, it has been said, as to the means) to amass much wealth, she was unable to obtain the complete confidence of her lover, and was therefore on-

ly trusted by halves. This circumstance, joined to the temper of the duke, which was naturally deceitful, sour, and tyrannical, made her life uncomfortable, and at length she took the singular resolution, which perhaps the mistress of a prince never did before, of secretly eloping from him, and of going to live at Paris, under the protection of Louis XIV. This protection the king extended to her, and she continued to reside in the French capital till the period of her death, living in a style of great splendour and magnificence.

With this female De Tessé formed a secret connexion, and by it was enabled to render himself very useful in promoting the political views of his master. Two of her letters which the count communicated to the king, are to be found in the correspondence here published. They are written in the fascinating and seductive tone, which women so well know how to employ towards those whom they wish to attach to their interest; but they do not prove that the intercourse that subsisted between them sprang from any other source than friendship, or, to speak more justly, than the feelings of mutual interest. De Tessé wished to serve his patron; De Verrue wished to obtain one, and for that purpose made no scruple of betraying the secrets of the petty prince who was her lover, to procure the favours of a powerful monarch.

The peace of Ryswick in 1697 gave but a momentary calm to the European powers. The grand alliance created under the auspices of William III, to prevent the aggrandizement of the house of Bourbon, took place in 1701, and gave rise to a general war, which continued more than 10 years. Previous to the breaking out of this war, De Tessé was employed to observe the temper of the changeful Victor Amadeus. We find some letters which he wrote to Louis on the subject of this mission, which display to much advantage the talents of the writer, who united the art of amusing his master by the liveliness of his details, to that of serving his interest by his penetration and intrigue.

The occasion of the formation of the grand alliance had occurred the year before by the French monarch's acceptance of the will of Charles the 2d of Spain, in favour of his grandson the duke of Anjou, afterwards Philip the 5th. A memoir of De Tessé is extant, which seems to prove that this will was not the offspring of French intrigue, but arose from the spontaneous choice of the deceased monarch.

Italy still continued the scene of the count's activity. He was second in command of the French army, and after the unfortunate campaign of 1701 had the chief command in Mantua, which he preserved, after having sustained from the imperialists a blockade of six months. He aspired to

the chief command of the French army, and, to obtain it, he did not scruple to calumniate the character of the respectable marechal de Catinat, a man who had been his friend and benefactor. But though he succeeded in procuring the marechal to be displaced, he did not reap the rewards of his treachery, the marechal de Villeroi, a man very inferior to Catinat, succeeding to the command. A letter written by Catinat to his brother on the subject of his disgrace gives a pleasing view of the firmness with which he bore mortifications, which however could not but touch him most sensibly.

Camp of Antignato, August 22, 1701.

'I have received, my dear brother, your letter of the 12th, in which you inform me of all that is said against me on the affairs of Italy. I have done my best; the events are disagreeable, but it would require many pages to explain the causes of our disgraces, the motives which have occasioned them, and the faults which have been committed. I will say no more on this subject. I am well persuaded of the interest you take in my present condition. War is not always attended with success: it is a trade in which fortune bears a great part. What gives me the most uneasiness in this melancholy posture of things, is the great consequence it may have on the general affairs of the state. I yesterday received one letter from the king, and another from M. de Chemillart, (minister of war) announcing the departure of M. Villeroi. This gives me no concern, and I am disposed, with the greatest sincerity, and from the bottom of my heart to contribute my cares, my labours, and the knowledge I have of the country, to re-establish the glory of the king, and the reputation of his arms. I love my master and my country. These objects are the dearest to me in the midst of my disgrace, and the discontent which the king has expressed at my services during this campaign; in him I perceive some tokens of his goodness rekindling, that I may not be wholly oppressed; of this I am properly sensible. Adieu, my dear brother; I have said enough on this unhappy subject.'

In some other letters of Catinat to his family, we meet with the following passages:

'If you well knew the circumstances of this campaign, you would see a very natural chain of events, which have conducted me to my present misfortunes and disgrace; the opinions of others have contributed to it as much as my own. That reputation, which it has cost me so much toil to rear, is now blasted. My own conduct has been candid and direct. Prudence and rectitude are what depend upon ourselves; in other points fortune preserves her empire; and the proper consequences do not always follow from the best dispositions.—I have represented to myself the reasons which have induced the king to send the marechal de Villeroi to Italy. I believe he has done very right. I am particularly pleased with his old friendship for the

prince de Vaudémont. This good correspondence will perhaps more stimulate the prince's activity, than any zeal of his own. I conquer my feelings for my disgrace, in order that I may have my mind more at liberty to execute the orders of M. de Villeroi, which I shall do to the utmost extent of my power. *Malice would indeed be shocked, if, on this subject, it could read to the bottom of my heart.*

These traits evince a philosophical spirit worthy of Epictetus himself. This conduct, and his whole subsequent deportment justifies Voltaire's panegyric in the *Henriade* :

Catinat reunit, par une rare assemblée,
Les talens du guerrier et les vertus du sage.

We cannot resist the pleasure of giving our readers another trait of Catinat, which showed a magnanimity, not excelled by whatever we have been instructed in our youthful days to admire in the heroes of ancient Rome.

It happened that the chevalier de Tessé, brother to the count, died precisely at this period. The count, having no occasion for the services of a man, who had been the chevalier's secretary, discharged him. This man had been employed to copy the dispatches which had inculcated the *maréchal*; and, being discontented, he came to offer him his services, promising, as a motive to engage his acceptance of them, that he was able to disclose to him the most secret plots of his enemies. But Catinat rejected him, saying, *if the man was honest, he would not propose to betray the secrets of his masters; but as he seems to be a knave, I will have nothing to say to him: of what use can his discoveries be to me?*

If we have suffered ourselves to be diverted from the prominent characters of these memoirs, by the pleasing contemplation of a virtuous and well regulated mind suffering under unmerited disgrace, the well known words of Seneca must be our apology. *Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo, deus. Ecce par deo dignum: virum fortem cum mala fortuna compositum. Non video, inquam, quod habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.*

The next campaign (of 1702) was very nearly inactive on the side of Italy. The count continued to serve under the command of the duke de Vendôme; and towards the end of the year was created a *maréchal de France*, a reward to which his active services seem to have given him a just title.

The year 1703 was distinguished by the defection of the duke of Savoy from his alliance with Louis the 14th. The conduct of the duke is a singular proof of how little weight are the nearest domestic connections among sovereigns, when set in opposition to political interests. He was closely connect-

ed by blood to the French monarch, and had married two of his daughters to Louis's grandsons, so that one of them was at this moment the wife of one of the competitors for the Spanish throne. And yet he violated his treaties and exposed his dominions to no small hazard in order to assist in dethroning his own daughter. But it must be confessed, that his situation as a feeble prince, forced to take a part in the struggle between two mighty monarchies, was singularly difficult, and may perhaps account for the apparent caprice and inconsistency of his conduct. Louis struck the first blow by disarming the Piedmontese who served with his forces. The duke retaliated upon all the French that fell into his power; and the animosity was so great, that each side violated the sacred rights of legation, by imprisoning at their courts their respective ambassadors.

The count (now the *maréchal*) de Tessé had little opportunity of signalizing himself during this campaign, nor the greater part of that which succeeded. The chasm, which is caused by this dearth of important matter, is supplied by the account of a domestic negotiation, in which the principal part was played by a man whose character was marked by eccentricities equally whimsical and odious. This personage was Ferdinand Charles, or Charles IV. duke of Mantua.

This prince had married, in 1671, Anna Isabella de Gonzagua Guastaila, who died in 1703, himself being at that time 51 years of age. He was desirous to marry again, and among others Mademoiselle d'Enghien, daughter of the prince of Condé, was proposed. De Tessé thus describes the duke in a letter to the prince of Condé.

‘ I pass to the article of your letter, in which you speak of his most extraordinary serene highness of Mantua, the best man in the world, and the most attached to the interests of the king, but at the same time one of the most singular. He is a perfect voluptuary, and one who will do any thing to procure an imaginary pleasure, the possession of which disgusts him the moment it is obtained. If he hears of a handsome courtesan at Naples or Sicily, he stirs heaven and earth to obtain her. If he is informed of the beauty of the women at Cephallonia, he will dispatch an envoy there. Now that he is occupied about women with whom his engagements must be a little more serious, he is agitated by the same emotions. I don't know who has put Madame d'Arembergh into his head, a lady whom he has never seen. Immediately after the death of his duchess, he became passionately fond of Mademoiselle d'Elbeuf, because he had been told that she is tall. In his first warmth he wrote about her to the prince and princess de Vaudémont, who answered coldly, that they knew not whether Madame d'Elbeuf had any other engagement for her daughter, and as they neither would nor could enter on such a busi-

ness, without giving an account of it to the court, they should be guided in their conduct by his majesty's orders.'

The following extracts of a dispatch from his serene highness himself to his envoy at Paris, show how justly the *maréchal* had appreciated his character, and is a truly comic representation of his own mind :

'As to the marriage, we instruct you, that we will do nothing without the consent of his most christian majesty. We will speak of five princesses who have been already named. First, the princess of Condé, who would suit us well for the nobleness of her blood ; but her diminutive stature being quite contrary to our taste, we are doubtful whether her person can be made agreeable to us. As to the princess d'Elbeuf, she is represented as rich and handsome : and we are informed of the highness of her connexions. We understand that the princess d'Arshot unites beauty and modesty to a correct judgment. As to her portion, we know it to be small, and we have received the necessary documents of her nobility. The princess d'Armagnac, we are told, is handsome : she has had a very careful education ; she possesses all the qualifications suitable to a woman of her rank ; we know her alliances, and are assured that her portion is not great. We will say nothing of the princess of Conti, who has been a widow a long time, since you inform us, that she has no thoughts of leaving France. We repeat to you, that never, no, never will we come to a decision without seeing. It is a favour that cannot be refused us, and the most christian king, governed as he is by the rules of justice, will not refuse the desire we have to throw ourselves at his feet, considering the consequence it is of to us to explain to him personally our sentiments and our urgent need of his royal protection. To make use of the justest phrase in the world, we will tell you that rather than not see the spouse whom heaven shall destine for the repose of our mind and person, we will chuse a cavern and a desert. Again we repeat, that never, no, never, will we take a wife without the consent and protection of his majesty. These two points then must be united in the present important business.

'To return to the business of our marriage, you will comprehend that we expect with anxiety the ulterior information which we have charged you to obtain : we are waiting also for the pictures, but without losing time : since our resolution of visiting France is perfectly fixed, you must begin to speak on the subject to the *marquis de Torci*, and to settle the manner in which we shall be received, persuaded as we are that the services that we have rendered to his majesty the christian king give us a claim, first that his majesty will deign to consent to allow us the honour of throwing ourselves at his feet, and moreover, that he will deign to grant us distinctions still greater than those which were granted to our most serene father of pious memory. Act then according to our views, without deferring it from day to day ; since time flies, and our marriage ought necessarily to be hastened.

' In this respect, we well know it is impossible to refuse us a princess to our own inclination, or to propose one to us, who would be otherwise; for in this case, we would rather renounce the design of marrying again. But we repeat this can never happen; and since that we can ourselves confer nobility upon a woman, if her blood should not be royal, and since, moreover, by the grace of God, our state is such that a great portion is not necessary to us, it remains only to think of taking for spouse a princess who has been well brought up, and who is perfectly to our taste, that we may pass the remainder of our days in happiness and contentment.'

So far it is sufficiently farcical, from a man who was surrounded with mistresses, towards whom he literally observed all the odious precautions of eastern jealousy. The princess d'Elbeuf had the misfortune to be at length fixed upon to procure the duke's *happiness and contentment*. We cannot help transcribing the picture this ill fated woman has drawn of her own wretchedness, since it reads a feeling lesson to parents who sacrifice the comfort of their children at the shrine of ambition. This picture is drawn in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, three or four years after her marriage.

' As I flatter myself, madam, that I still preserve some place in your thoughts, and that you continue to me the same goodness, which you have shewn me from my infancy, I venture to lay before you the inmost secrets of my heart, on my present condition, and the part which my misfortunes compel me to take for my personal security. I intreat you to communicate to the king, what I am about to relate to you; for I cannot be contented with my own conduct, if it has not his approbation and yours. You know, madam, my misfortunes, but you are ignorant of their whole extent. I know not if, without having proved them, it is possible to conceive them, and I can myself hardly believe the excess of the ill-will which M. the duke of Mantua bears me; it is so terrible, that I have every thing to fear from it without exception. His conduct cost the former duchess her life, after one and thirty years of patience, without her virtue and merit, which were admired by all the world, making the smallest change upon him; and if she held out so long, she possessed a thousand advantages which I do not. She was an Italian; she was of service to him by entering into his affairs; a favour of which he has not thought me worthy; she was attacked by a disease, which promised a more speedy termination than happened; and she had a large property to bequeath. Not only has he continued to me the ill course of conduct begun with her, but he has given into enormities so frightful, that I cannot relate them. The least of them is to have broken all the promises he made me of changing his course of life, and all the stipulations of my marriage contract; almost from the moment of our union. I have received from him only marks of estrangement, of hatred, of contempt, and of ill-will; without reckoning those of the worthless people who surround him, and who vie with each other for the honour of ridding him of a wife, who

is disagreeable to him, and for whom he has only sentiments of aversion. This it is which has made me take the resolution of attempting by all means to retire to a convent in Lorraine, that I may not be burdensome to his majesty, and to put him to no inconvenience; as I know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that in addition to the different sorts of oppression with which I am menaced by M. the duke of Mantua, his intention is, as soon as he arrives at Venice, to place me in a convent at Padua, where I shall be exposed to finish my calamities by every attack that can be made on my honour and life.

‘ I will venture to assure you, madam, that my sole consolation is having endeavoured to render my own conduct irreproachable; that he himself can find no other fault with me than being his wife, being French, being too much praised and pitied by the whole world, though I speak to God alone of my wretchedness, and I dissemble them to every body, who has no power to redress them.

‘ I had resolved, madam, to carry my patience to the utmost limit, but I perceive myself not only useless to the interest of the king, but rather regarded with suspicion in every thing of that nature; besides there is no further hope of succession, nor of his return towards God nor towards me, since he equally fears both the one and the other, and there remains no further hope of him, in any of those who know him the best, and who are most capable of judging of his discourse and sentiments. Mon. and madame the princess of Vaudémont can testify, madam, the truth of all that I have had the honour to relate to you. I hope that however cruel is my present condition, and however bold the resolution I have formed, the same Providence which conducted me hither in spite of my own forebodings and repugnance, (having sacrificed myself as a victim to filial duty) I hope, I say, that that same Providence will aid my escape so that I may be an object of pity, and not of censure. I request from the king’s goodness and yours, madam, all the secrecy which so delicate an affair demands. For God’s sake, madam, let no one form a suspicion, not even my mother, since not knowing either the time or the manner in which I may execute my design, the slightest suspicion may cost me my life, which, I assure you, madam, shall be ever filled with the tender veneration and perfect attachment with which I have ever regarded you, &c.

‘ Madam Pompadour, who will have the honour to deliver this letter to you, madam, will take the trouble to convey your answer to me, if you will please to give it her, without saying any thing of the business, of which she is uninformed. Let it be speedy, I conjure you, madam, for the delay of a single day may be very prejudicial.’

When we consider that this unhappy lady was not above twenty-two, when she wrote this moving description of her situation, our indignation cannot but be roused against the barbarian (whom De Tessé calls ‘ *le meilleur homme du monde*’) who was the cause of her sufferings, nor can we help feeling an equal abhorrence of a state of society, which, to support

the vanity of family pride, exacts such dreadful sacrifices of individual happiness. Fortune, however, soon delivered her from her persecutor; for, after the battle of Turin in 1706, the duke was deprived of his states, and put under the ban of the empire; and he died two years afterwards at Padua, poisoned, it was said, by a woman whom he loved, and who was corrupted by the court of Vienna. The duchess returned to Paris; but was disappointed in her hopes of friendship from madame de Maintenon. She fell ill in 1710. The old hag used the following unfeeling expressions on the occasion in a letter to the duke de Noailles: 'The duchess of Mantua is dangerously ill; she would not do amiss to die; she is both embarrassed and embarrassing: in this case of what use is her living?' She took her advice; for in a few months she died, at the age of 25.

In 1705 the *maréchal de Tessé* was appointed to succeed the duke of Berwick in the command of the French troops in the service of Spain. Berwick had gained much success by his good conduct and activity, but was removed, as not being obsequious enough to the duke de Grammont, the French ambassador. The allied powers were besieging Gibraltar, and the siege not proceeding with success, the *maréchal* went himself, to superintend it. He wrote many letters to the prince of Condé, explaining the cause of their ill success, which betray even at that time the feebleness of the Spanish government. The besiegers were in want of powder, artillery, men; so that when they had made a breach in the works they could not take advantage of it, and there was no squadron to prevent the besieged from receiving supplies. 'Short follies are the best, you will say. Why do you not raise the siege?' The answer is curious, and betrays the wretched prodigality of ill advised measures and misplaced economy.

'There is a piece of difficulty in this business. All the artillery has been brought by sea, and cannot be taken off by any other method. This place is a *cul de sac*, encircled by mountains for a league all round, over which it is impossible for any carriage to pass; so that either to continue the siege or to raise it, a squadron is absolutely necessary; and this either cannot or will not be sent.'

In the end the long expected squadron put to sea, it was dispersed by a storm, and beaten by the English fleet under sir John Leake; fresh succours were thrown into the place, and the siege was finally raised, after it had proved the tomb of the greater part of the besieging army. The *maréchal's* letters on this event are very interesting, and his memorials on the affairs of Spain, and the causes of the inefficiency of the Spanish councils, show great sagacity and intelligence.

The remainder of the year was passed in a petty warfare which produced no events of consequence to either party. Lord Galloway at the head of the English and Portuguese laid siege to Badajos. De Tessé dexterously relieved it, and considering that he commanded inferior forces, the *maréchal* seems on this occasion to have surpassed in skill the English general.

The events of the year 1706 were very disastrous to the French arms, and severely mortified the pride of their monarch. In Flanders Marlborough gained the famous battle of Ramilies, and in Italy, Prince Eugene obtained a signal triumph at Turin. Nor was his general De Tessé more fortunate in Spain. The great body of the Spanish nation seems to have detested the French connection, and insurrections (called by the French rebellions) broke out against the government in 1705 in various parts, particularly in Valencia and Catalonia, where the Archduke Charles had been received with enthusiasm, and where, besides some places of inferior consequence, Barcelona, though furnished with a garrison of 5000 men, had submitted to the arms of the confederates. Early in the campaign of this year the French made a great struggle to retake Barcelona. Charles himself commanded the troops in person. The *maréchal de Tessé* served under him. The *maréchal* thought that the presence of the king only injured his cause. He wrote of him to the minister of war in the following terms: 'He will never open his lips. Act well or ill, it is all one, he thinks; but it is as if he did not think at all. After this campaign, trust me, that his presence is more hurtful to his service, than if he stayed at Madrid.' Some great errors were committed in the course of the siege. The inhabitants were enthusiastic in the cause of the archduke, an enthusiasm kept up by the priests and monks, who themselves partook of it. Among these monastic heroes the capuchins were particularly remarkable: they adopted the singular mode of tying their beards with coloured knots of ribband, and thus adorned marched to battle and fought, with the greatest desperation. The besiegers were themselves besieged by the peasantry, and to complete their disasters, their fleet was forced to fly before an English squadron of superior force. Under these circumstances the *maréchal* determined to raise the siege, abandoning stores and artillery to an immense value, and leaving their sick to the humanity of the gallant Lord Peterborough, a nobleman whose generosity has been equally extolled by friends and enemies. The *maréchal* lost much credit in the eyes of the public by the miscarriage of this enterprise, and this with the other misfortunes of the year gave occasion to an infinite number of lampoons. The following

is the severest of all upon the monarch himself, for the ironical keenness of the satire.

‘ A Louis XIV.

Vous avez effacé, grand Roi, toute la gloire

Des héros de l'antiquité ;

Et toute la postérité

A de quoi s'occuper en lisant votre histoire ;

Mais Villeroi, Tallard, la Feuillade, et Tessé

En Espagne, en Piémont, en Allemagne, en Flandre

Ont fait plus que César, et le grand Alexandre :

Ils vous ont effacé.’

The misfortunes of this year exposed the French monarch to the insult of an invasion of his southern provinces in the summer of 1707. Louis was not influenced by his ill success at Barcelona to withdraw his confidence from the *maréchal*, to whom was given the important trust of saving Toulon, which was the object aimed at by the invaders. He succeeded in this high trust to the perfect satisfaction of his master ; but the allied powers wiped away in a degree the disgrace of their defeat, by taking Suza in the face of the enemy. This was the termination of the *maréchal*'s military career. Whether that he was disgusted with the service, in consequence of the contradictions he had experienced, and the criticisms which had been made on his conduct during the campaign, which was, notwithstanding, the most brilliant action of his military life, or that his enemies had destroyed the good opinion which Louis XIV. had entertained of his talents for war, by reproaching him with the facility with which the imperialists had escaped from Provence, and the subsequent loss of Suza, whatever were the secret motives, he was never placed again at the head of an army.

But in losing his military command, he did not lose entirely the confidence of his master. The year following we find him ambassador extraordinary at Rome, with instructions to form a league in that country against the emperor, a project of which he was himself the author. But at that time the imperial arms being all-powerful, the holy father was obliged to submit to circumstances, so that the *maréchal*'s mission proved fruitless. He wrote two letters to the sovereign pontiff on this occasion, remarkable for the tone of bitter irony in which they were couched. In one of them he observed, ‘ that though prayers had been offered for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the counsels which followed seemed dictated rather by the spirit of Satan.’ Such a phrase greatly scandalised the devotees, and was cruelly severe upon a wavering old man, acting under the influence of intimidation.

This was the last important post which the *maréchal* filled under Louis XIV. That monarch died in 1715. He was but little employed during the regency of the Duke of Orleans. He was appointed to accompany Peter the First of Russia about Paris and its environs in 1717, and conducted a negotiation between that monarch and the French court; which, however, as it came to nothing, is at present very little interesting. In 1722 he quitted the court and withdrew himself to the repose of a country house; but the following year he received a flattering proof of the consideration in which his talents were held, by being selected to go to Madrid on a mission of great importance, in quality of ambassador extraordinary. Though Louis XIV. had put a grandson on the Spanish throne, his successor found himself unable to exercise more than a partial influence on the Spanish councils. The *grandees* were refractory, and Grimaldo, one of the principal ministers and a great favourite of Philip V. was thought to favour English counsels, and to be a pensioner of the English government. It is curious to remark the same charges against the English with which we have been stunned in our own days by the agents of Buonaparte. Their commercial monopoly of the trade to the Indies, the influence of their gold, the tyranny of their navy are the subjects of heavy complaints. May they long continue to be so, since her commerce and her riches are the natural offspring of liberty, justice and integrity. The *maréchal's* mission seems not to have succeeded; though he received from the Spanish court many marks of personal esteem and respect. Soon after his return to France he died, on the 30th of May, 1725, at the age of 74.

Before we conclude we think it right to give our readers a specimen of the *maréchal's* style of writing. The following is a letter to the duke de Vendome, on the conquest of Barcelona in 1697.

* Camp at Comines, 19th August, 1697.

' To day, my lord duke, we have rejoicings for the success of an enterprize, the most difficult and most glorious of the present age. The honour and glory of it are entirely due to your highness. Your patience, your virtue, and your heroic courage have surmounted difficulties, which equally alarmed your servants, your dependants, those who love your person, and those who love the state. In each of these relations my heart partakes of the joy of which your highness must be sensible; but confounded as I am among the crowd of those who are attached to your glory, permit me, my lord, to express the singular and lively interest I felt in your personal preservation. The eternity of your name and reputation gave me little or

no concern, but for your life I was under great alarm. I have the honour to be, with a respect proportioned to the attachment I have ever professed, my lord duke, your highness's very humble, &c.'

These memoirs contain matter which will be read with interest by those to whom the military and political concerns of past times are an object of curiosity. If the marechal himself was not one of those elevated characters, which commands our esteem for his virtue, or our admiration for very extraordinary endowments, still the documents which remain of him set him much above the level of ordinary men. The severest judgment must allow that he possessed talents, judgment, penetration, bravery, and that he filled a distinguished and honourable career with as few stains upon his character as could be expected from one, whose days were passed in courts, and to whom the pursuits of ambition was the great business of life.

ART. VII.—*Histoire du Donjon et du Chateau de Vincennes, &c.*

History of the Fortress and Castle of Vincennes from their Beginning to the Epoch of the Revolution; containing some interesting Particulars relative to the Princes, Kings, Ministers, and other celebrated Personages who have inhabited Vincennes; and to the Prisoners who have been confined there principally during the Reigns of Louis XIII., Louis XIV. and Louis XV; with an historical Summary of the civil Wars, in which the principal Prisoners of the Fortress signalized themselves, from the Reign of Charles V. till the Epoch in which this State-Prison was suppressed. 3 Vol. 8vo. Paris, 1807. London. Imported by Deconchy Bond-street.

THE castle of Vincennes, which was the scene of so many horrors in former ages, has lately been restored to its pristine celebrity, as a place of infernal cruelty and revenge, by the murder of the unfortunate duke d'Enghien, which took place at midnight by order of the present merciful ruler of the French. The wood of Vincennes is situated about a league to the east of Paris. In this wood the French kings had at a very early period built a chateau or mansion for the sake of enjoying the pleasures of the chace. This was for a long time their favourite abode; the place where they sought solace and recreation. But after the lapse of several centuries it was converted into the tremendous receptacle of misery and despair. While it continued to be the residence of the kings it had all the appearance of a fortress. The great tower contained

the ordinary apartments of the king, of the queen and of their children; the other towers were inhabited by the princes and nobles of the court. A draw-bridge defended the entrance, and a deep foss, flanked with stone, rendered it difficult of access.

The fortress, which is the most antient part of the structure, is composed of nine towers of massy strength and stately height; these are surpassed by a tenth called *THE TOWER*, which was the royal residence. Some of these towers are open to the weather, and crumbling in decay. *THE TOWER* is surrounded with a separate foss, which is forty feet deep, twenty wide, and flanked with stone. This stone-wall is carried perpendicular, but with such a cornice or rather bend at the top, that a man cannot pass it without turning himself upside down: so that any person who got into the foss and was without any help from without, would be as securely immured as in the towers. *THE TOWER* is a square with a turret at each end; it is four stories high; with arched ceilings. Each story has a large square hall in the centre, with four small apartments at the corners, which served for bed rooms or closets, and afterwards as receptacles for prisoners. The great halls are each vaulted with a gothic roof supported by a single pillar; the four small closets are also vaulted with stone, and communicate with the common hall. In the reign of Louis XI. a cruel and superstitious prince, the fortress of Vincennes was first habitually used as a prison of state. Cardinal Richlieu, who ruled France with sovereign sway, during the nominal reign of Louis XIII. made frequent use of this fortress to gratify his tyranny and caprice.

When the fortress of Vincennes was converted into a state-prison, the entrance was protected by two draw-bridges which were rarely let down; of these one afforded a narrow path-way to foot passengers; and the other was intended for carriages. On the other side was a wall of uncommon height and strength with only one entrance, guarded by two sentinels and three gates. That, which communicated with the tower, could neither be opened on one side nor the other, without a turnkey and serjeant of the guard. These massy doors led to the apartments of the prisoners; the interior door consisted of a double plate of iron; and each was fortified with two bars, three bolts, and enormous weights to prevent its hanging a-jar. Every door opened across that which came next, so that the second served as a barrier to the first, and the third to the second. The walls of these captive cells were sixteen feet thick, and the arched roofs thirty feet high. The apartments themselves were somewhat less than those of the *Bastille*, and a little less gloomy. Nevertheless these sombre

habitations were enveloped in eternal night, the dim panes admitted only a feeble glimmering of light, and the inlet to this was intercepted by double and sometimes triple bars of iron. Hardly any air could find its way into the rooms. At night the soldiers retired into the fortress; the bridges were drawn up; the gates were all locked and barred, and the keys deposited with an officer, who was specially entrusted with the charge. Guards were posted so as to command every corner of the fortress. A patrol passed every half-hour under the windows, and night and morning before the opening and shutting of the gates, made the circuit of the foss, where even the turnkeys were not suffered to pass without leave. All these precautions did not seem sufficient to satisfy the jealousy of despotism. The sentinels without, had orders to keep the eyes of passengers off the fortress; and from break of day they were incessantly vociferating, '*Passez votre chemin,*' 'Go about your business.' The central hall on the first story of the great tower, was applied to the purposes of torture. The cavities in the stone are still visible, where these unfortunate persons were fastened to rings in the wall. In these recesses, almost excluded from air and light, some wooden truckles are at present remaining, to which they were chained who were permitted to taste a moment of repose. As tyranny is never wanting in the forms of religion, and can, when it will suit its purpose, be as orthodox as the most intolerant priest in Christendom, a chapel was deemed an essential requisite in this tenement of despotism. Hither the prisoners were made to repair for their devotions, during the performance of which, they were barricaded in a sort of cell, inclosed with a double door. The staircase was winding, narrow, and impeded with a constant succession of doors. Two hundred and sixty-five high steps at length conducted to a platform of magnificent workmanship, which commanded an extensive and delicious view, of which the charm was probably heightened by contrast with the horror, the darkness, and the captivity below. When we survey the fosses, the towers, the double and triple gates plated with iron, we cannot but contemplate with horror and surprize the jealous precautions of despotic power. We behold in every bar and wall, the unceasing agitation of its suspicious fears, and the elaborate contrivances of its unrelenting hate; while we cannot but admire that innate aversion of confinement, and love of liberty, which have caused the ingenuity of the captive to surpass that of his oppressor, and to escape notwithstanding such accumulated obstructions from this cheerless abode of misery and despair.

the ordinary apartments of the king, of the queen and of their children; the other towers were inhabited by the princes and nobles of the court. A draw-bridge defended the entrance, and a deep foss, flanked with stone, rendered it difficult of access.

The fortress, which is the most antient part of the structure, is composed of nine towers of massy strength and stately height; these are surpassed by a tenth called *THE TOWER*, which was the royal residence. Some of these towers are open to the weather, and crumbling in decay. *THE TOWER* is surrounded with a separate foss, which is forty feet deep, twenty wide, and flanked with stone. This stone-wall is carried perpendicular, but with such a cornice or rather bend at the top that a man cannot pass it without turning himself upside down: so that any person who got into the foss and was without any help from without, would be as securely immured as in the towers. *THE TOWER* is a square with a turret at each end; it is four stories high; with arched ceilings. Each story has a large square hall in the centre, with four small apartments at the corners, which served for bed rooms or closets, and afterwards as receptacles for prisoners. The great halls are each vaulted with a gothic roof supported by a single pillar; the four small closets are also vaulted with stone, and communicate with the common hall. In the reign of Louis XI. a cruel and superstitious prince, the fortress of Vincennes was first habitually used as a prison of state. Cardinal Richlieu, who ruled France with sovereign sway, during the nominal reign of Louis XIII. made frequent use of this fortress to gratify his tyranny and caprice.

When the fortress of Vincennes was converted into a state-prison, the entrance was protected by two draw-bridges which were rarely let down; of these one afforded a narrow path-way to foot passengers; and the other was intended for carriages. On the other side was a wall of uncommon height and strength with only one entrance, guarded by two sentinels and three gates. That, which communicated with the tower, could neither be opened on one side nor the other, without a turnkey and serjeant of the guard. These massy doors led to the apartments of the prisoners; the interior door consisted of a double plate of iron; and each was fortified with two bars, three bolts, and enormous weights to prevent its hanging a-jar. Every door opened across that which came next, so that the second served as a barrier to the first, and the third to the second. The walls of these captive cells were sixteen feet thick, and the arched roofs thirty feet high. The apartments themselves were somewhat less than those of the Bastille, and a little less gloomy. Nevertheless these sombre

habitations were enveloped in eternal night, the dim panes admitted only a feeble glimmering of light, and the inlet to this was intercepted by double and sometimes triple bars of iron. Hardly any air could find its way into the rooms. At night the soldiers retired into the fortress; the bridges were drawn up; the gates were all locked and barred, and the keys deposited with an officer, who was specially entrusted with the charge. Guards were posted so as to command every corner of the fortress. A patrol passed every half-hour under the windows, and night and morning before the opening and shutting of the gates, made the circuit of the foss, where even the turnkeys were not suffered to pass without leave. All these precautions did not seem sufficient to satisfy the jealousy of despotism. The sentinels without, had orders to keep the eyes of passengers off the fortress; and from break of day they were incessantly vociferating, '*Passez votre chemin*,' 'Go about your business.' The central hall on the first story of the great tower, was applied to the purposes of torture. The cavities in the stone are still visible, where these unfortunate persons were fastened to rings in the wall. In these recesses, almost excluded from air and light, some wooden truckles are at present remaining, to which they were chained who were permitted to taste a moment of repose. As tyranny is never wanting in the forms of religion, and can, when it will suit its purpose, be as orthodox as the most intolerant priest in Christendom, a chapel was deemed an essential requisite in this tenement of despotism. Hither the prisoners were made to repair for their devotions, during the performance of which, they were barricadoed in a sort of cell, inclosed with a double door. The staircase was winding, narrow, and impeded with a constant succession of doors. Two hundred and sixty-five high steps at length conducted to a platform of magnificent workmanship, which commanded an extensive and delicious view, of which the charm was probably heightened by contrast with the horror, the darkness, and the captivity below. When we survey the fosses, the towers, the double and triple gates plated with iron, we cannot but contemplate with horror and surprize the jealous precautions of despotic power. We behold in every bar and wall, the unceasing agitation of its suspicious fears, and the elaborate contrivances of its unrelenting hate; while we cannot but admire that innate aversion of confinement, and love of liberty, which have caused the ingenuity of the captive to surpass that of his oppressor, and to escape notwithstanding such accumulated obstructions from this cheerless abode of misery and despair.

Among the persons who were successful in making their escape, the author mentions the duke de Beaufort, in the year 1648. The duke had been suspected of a design to assassinate cardinal Mazarin, which led to his imprisonment. He had been a prisoner five years, when he found means to elude his guards and recover his liberty. The duke had interested one of his guards, named Vaugrignaut, in his favour, Vaugrignaut procured cords and other necessities for his escape, and facilitated a correspondence with his friends at Paris. On the 31st of May, 1648, about noon, when the guards were at dinner, five resolute and robust accomplices, in the pay of the duke, approached the foss, at a point which had been agreed on for the purpose; Fifty horsemen were stationed near. On the day appointed, the duke descended into an exterior gallery, where he was permitted to walk. Vaugrignaut, who used to dine with the other guards, made some excuse for his absence, and went to rejoin the duke in a gallery where he was walking with an officer of the guard, named Laramée, who never lost sight of his charge. On leaving the guard room, Vaugrignaut took the precaution of shutting two or three doors which communicated with the gallery, which he secured with bolts. He then in conjunction with the duke, made a sudden attack on Laramée, whom they instantly gagged and bound hand and foot. Vaugrignaut descended first, and alighted without accident; the duke followed, but the cord by which he came down, was too short for the purpose, so that he had to drop at the distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground. He was for some time rendered senseless by the fall, which alarmed the five men who were standing on the other side. But, when he came to himself, he passed a cord round the middle of his body, and was drawn to the top of the foss by the help of his associates. He was immediately mounted on a horse, and lost no time in making his escape. The duke remained for some time in concealment, till the troubles of the Fronde enabled him to return to the capital, and to revive the hopes of his party. In 1662 he made his peace with the court. He was present at the siege of Candia in 1669, but was made prisoner in a sortie by the Turks, who cut off his head. The duke de Beaufort, is asserted without any proof to have been the *man in the iron mask*, who was confined in the island of St. Marguerite.

Cardinal de Retz was kept for fifteen months a prisoner in the castle of Vincennes. He was at first, either owing to the orders of the court or the spontaneous inhumanity of his keepers treated with great severity. He was kept without fire for fifteen days during the coldest season of the year. The

man to whom the charge of his person was principally committed, seems to have taken a pleasure in aggravating his misery. He robbed the cardinal of his linen, clothes and shoes, so that he was sometimes obliged to lay in his bed for eight or ten days at a time, for want of clothes to put on. To try the patience of his prisoner, he once began to dig a small piece of ground of a few yards square, in the court of the castle; and, when the cardinal asked him what he was going to do with the ground, he replied 'to sow asparagus, in order to regale your eminence some three years hence.' Notwithstanding the vigilance of his guards, the cardinal found means to elude it by a superior share of subtlety and penetration. He kept up a regular correspondence with his friends, notwithstanding the frequent change and number of his guards. The cardinal might have made his escape, and some of his friends had prepared the way for the execution, but his timidity would not suffer him to make the attempt. The cardinal was however some time after removed to the castle of Nantz. Here he at last was brought to the resolution of profiting by the active exertions of his friends to assist him in his escape. Having lulled the vigilance of his guards by the temptation of wine, two of his faithful domestics let him down by a rope from the battlements of the terrace, where he was permitted to walk. When he had got to the ground, he was immediately mounted on a horse; but the cardinal was so alarmed, that, losing all power of managing the mettlesome steed, he was thrown off, and dislocated his shoulder in the fall. He was again mounted, and proceeded in the utmost consternation and dismay. During the first twelve miles, he did not utter a single word, though his attendants made every effort to keep up his spirits, and preserve his resolution. But he could not be brought to open his mouth till he reached the boat where the duke de Brisac and the chevalier de Sevigné were waiting for him. After crossing the Loire, they had proceeded for two leagues on fresh horses, without the cardinal having expressed the least sense of his pain, when on a sudden he raised the most piercing shrieks, and declared that his agonies would not suffer him to continue his journey. He was taken from his horse, and placed on a bank near the high road. He was afterwards conveyed to the house of a M. de Lapoise, whose mansion was surrounded by a double moat. After he had been five hours in bed, the house-keeper informed him that a party of horse had been seen in the neighbourhood. The terrified priest instantly begged to be concealed in some place where he might most certainly elude the search of his enemies. He was accordingly let

down by a trapdoor, into a dungeon under a tower, and furnished with a small supply of bread and wine. Here he was almost up to his knees in water and mud; and had for nine hours no very comfortable residence. But, at eleven at night, he set out to return to Beaupreau, the seat of his friend the duke de Brisac. He had not gone a league, before he again uttered the most piercing moan, and was obliged to be left on the ground, till he was conveyed to a neighbouring farm house, where he remained concealed in a hay-stack, from eight in the morning till five in the evening. When night began to set in, the farmer summoned the cardinal from his place of concealment, and placed him on a horse behind one of his servants, by whom he was safely conveyed to Beaupreau, the seat of the duke de Brisac; and afterwards to Montaign where they met the duke de Retz, the brother of the cardinal. Here the cardinal's arm from which he had suffered such intolerable pain, and which had been injudiciously treated by a surgeon of the duke de Retz, was found black as ink from the shoulder to the elbow; and he continued a cripple for the remainder of his life. In order to avoid the pursuit of the court, the cardinal afterwards retired to Bellisle, which then belonged to the duke de Retz. In his passage to that place, he was alarmed by the appearance of some suspicious vessels, which obliged him to put back to the shore, where he hid himself in the ruins of an old church, and remained buried under a heap of tiles and rubbish from noon till eight at night. When the cardinal and his friends reached Bellisle, they were afraid of having to sustain a siege against the government; and accordingly embarked on board a fishing smack in the disguise of sailors, and after having narrowly escaped being taken by a Barbary corsair, they arrived at Sebastian in Spain. But as they came here without any passports, which were then necessary both by sea and land, and had besides such a suspicious appearance, they were told by the officers of the port, that it would be well for them if they were not hanged the next morning. But happily the cardinal was known to the baron de Vatteville, the governor of Guipuscoa, through whose interest he obtained whatever he desired. But all he demanded, was a galley to convey him into Italy. After having experienced another hair-breadth escape in the form of shipwreck, he reached the capital of the holy see, where he only remained about three months, till the death of Pope Innocent the tenth. Weary at last of travelling in various disguises, over Germany and Holland, &c. and sighing for repose after such a long series of adventures, the cardinal entered into a treaty with the court; and consented to the entire re-

nunciation of the archbishopric of Paris. When he secluded himself from the world, his first care was to discharge the immense debts which he had contracted ;—he parted with his large estate, and reserving to himself only a moderate annuity, very honestly abandoned the remainder to his creditors. Out of the income which he still retained, he is said to have been generous to his friends. Such were some of the vicissitudes which marked the life of cardinal de Retz. Adversity, as is usually the case, seems rather to have promoted than repressed his amiable qualities.

In the third volume of this work we have a very interesting account of the imprisonment, escape and adventures, of Henry Maseres de Latude. Latude, in the twenty-third year of his age, hoping to make his fortune without farther trouble, contrived a stratagem to interest Madame Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. in his favour. This did not succeed ; and he was punished for his folly and presumption, by being successively confined in the Bastille, at Vincennes, Charenton, and Bicetre. The deception which Latude endeavoured to practise on Madame Pompadour, and which gave rise to the misfortunes of his future life, was the following : He informed this lady who, then ruled Louis XV. with more than sovereign sway, that two strangers, whose conversation he had overheard in the garden of the Thuilleries, proposed to poison her by means of a powder which she was in the habit of using, and which was to be conveyed to her in a packet by the post. After writing to Madame Pompadour an account of this conspiracy, he obtained an audience of this lady in her apartments at Versailles, where he gave her new assurances of his zeal. The marchioness, touched with gratitude offered him a purse of gold ; which he strenuously refused : the appearance of his disinterestedness, wrought still farther on the lady's sensibility ; and she desired him, when he went away, to leave his address with her secretary. Latude returned to Paris, elated with the success of his plot, and flushed with hope. The packet arrived, and the marchioness immediately ordered an experiment of its poisonous contents to be made on divers animals. But the powder proved quite innocuous ; and poor Latude, who was indulging all the gay anticipations of hope, soon found an officer of the police at his door, who conveyed him in a *fiacre* to the Bastille. Here he was subjected to the strictest search ; his clothes, money, papers, jewels were taken from him, and he was invested in a suit of rags, which many a wretched captive had worn before. He was conducted to an apartment in a corner-tower ; two iron doors were shut upon him, and he was left to his own reflec-

tions. The next day he was examined by the lieutenant-general of police, M. Berrier, who was interested by the candour of Latude, and saw nothing in his conduct which merited any severity of punishment. He promised to exert his interest with the marchioness de Pompadour to procure his liberty, but found her inexorable to his request. Latude was afterwards lodged with another prisoner, named Joseph Abuzaglo, by birth a Jew, who had been detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the court of London, and thrown into the Bastille. Abuzaglo appears to have possessed some estimable qualities; but as he had a wife and children with whom he was prevented from maintaining any correspondence, he bore his confinement with less fortitude than Latude. They mutually promised that he who should first obtain his liberty should incessantly strive to procure that of the other. After a lapse of about four months two turnkeys entered the apartment of the prisoners; and one of them told Latude that he had received orders for his discharge. But he had hardly passed the threshold, before he learned that he was to be removed to the castle of Vincennes. Thus despair succeeded in a moment to the anticipation of freedom and of happiness. He learned that Abuzaglo had a short time after this been set at liberty; but thinking that he should soon be forgotten by his companion, Latude felt but little interested in the news.

Latude soon after fell sick in his new prison. M. Berrier came to console him, but the despair of procuring his liberty long retarded his recovery. The glimmering possibility of making his escape at last roused him from his torpor, and restored the activity of his enterprising mind. He every day saw an old priest walking in a garden belonging to the castle, who was confined there on a charge of Jansenism. The abbe de Saint-Sauveur had permission to go and dispute with this prisoner as often as he pleased; and he often embraced the opportunity. The Jansenist was also wont to act as a schoolmaster to the children of the officers in the castle; and the abbé and the children used to go backwards and forwards without exciting any particular observation. At the time when the Jansenist was taking his walks, Latude had permission, from the interest of M. Berrier, to walk in an adjoining garden for two or three hours at a time for the benefit of his health. Two turnkeys used to come to his chamber and conduct him below; one day, being resolved at all adventures to escape, the door of his apartment was hardly opened before he flew down the stair case, and was at the bottom, before the turnkeys thought of pursuing him. He barred one of the doors behind, in order to cut off the communication with the turn-

keys while he executed his purpose. He had four sentinels to pass; the first was stationed at the gate which led into the court; he knocked; the door is opened; Latude eagerly asks for the abbé Saint-Sauveur. 'Our priest,' says the sentinel, 'has been waiting for him in the garden for these two hours.' Latude pursued his course with the same velocity; at the extremity of the arch below the clock, another sentinel was in his way. He inquires how long the abbé Saint-Sauveur had been gone? the man answered that he knew nothing about the matter, and let him pass; the same question was put to another at the other side of the draw-bridge, who said that he had not seen him, but expected to see him soon. In a transport of joy he goes up to the fourth and last sentinel, of whom he makes similar enquiries, and is suffered to pass without farther observation. It was on the fifth of June 1750, that Latude made his escape after a detention of nine months at Vincennes. He struck off into the corn-fields and vineyards; and deviated as much as possible from the high road till he arrived at Paris. Here the sanguine and ill founded expectations of Latude again proved fatal to his liberty. He imagined that the marchioness de Pompadour would be interested in his favour, if he made her the object of his confidence and the depositary of his secret. He prepared a memoir to the king, and which after stating his assurance of the generous forgiveness of Madame Pompadour and his trust in the mercy of the king, he finished by pointing out the place of his concealment. Such confidence should have procured his pardon; but, instead of this, he was immediately reconducted to the Bastille. He was however told that this was only to discover the mode of his escape from the castle of Vincennes, that the other prisoners might be prevented from following his example; or that they might know whether any blame attached to the fidelity of his guards. Latude ingenuously confessed every thing relative to his escape; but this did not procure his enlargement; he was thrown into a deep dungeon, and exposed to a severity of treatment beyond what he had hitherto experienced. Berrier appeared anew to sooth his regrets and alleviate his distress. He ordered that the food of the prisoner should be the same as before, and that he should be supplied with books, pens, paper and ink. Latude made the best of these resources to alleviate his chagrin, but at the end of six months his patience forsook him, and in a moment of bitterness, he had the imprudence to write the following lines in one of the books which were lent him :

Sans esprit et sans agreméns,
 Sans etre ni belle ni neuve,
 En France on peut avoir le premier des enfans;
 La Pompadour en est la preuve.

As all the books which were lent to any of the prisoners were scrupulously examined when they were returned, one of the turnkeys no sooner observed this writing in the margin than he instantly shewed it to the commandant, named John Lebel. This incident could add little to the horrors which Latude experienced; but it contributed to their prolongation. He was confined for eighteen months in his dismal dungeon, before M. Berrier dared to place him in a less wretched part of the prison. He also procured permission for him to have a servant in his room; this offer was readily embraced by Latude.

The domestic, who was accordingly engaged in the service of Latude, proved to be a kind sympathising creature, who made every effort to diminish the miseries of his situation. But the air of the prison was soon found pernicious to the health of this faithful menial; and his master was the sad spectator not only of his sickness but his death. The generous and humane M. Berrier now procured another companion for Latude, who was almost of the same age with himself, guilty of a similar crime, and the victim of a similar persecution. This unfortunate companion of Latude was called d'Alégre, who had been immured for three years in the Bastille for the crime of having given a little wholesome admonition to the mistress of the king, who had been long accustomed to nothing but the servility of adulation. This young man was quite dejected by the pressure of his sufferings, while Latude preserved his intrepidity and resolution, and meditated a new and bolder project of escape. We shall make no apology for detailing at length the execution of this singular adventure, in which that love of liberty, which is an innate principle of our nature, surmounted obstacles which seemed insuperable by the genius and fortitude of man.

Latude could not hope to make his escape through the gates of the Bastille, as the multiplied obstacles rendered it a physical impossibility. His only hope centered in reaching the top of one of the towers, and in thence contriving the means of a descent. There was indeed in the apartment of the two friends a chimney which ran up the side of a tower, but, like all those in the Bastille, it was fortified by gratings and bars, so as in some places hardly to allow a free passage for the smoke. If they could even reach the top of this tower, they had afterwards to encounter an abyss of two hundred feet deep; at the bottom of which was a foss, commanded

by an exceeding high wall, which they would still have to scale. Besides this they had neither tools nor materials proper for the purpose; they were narrowly watched every hour of the day and of the night. But these dangers and impediments served only to stimulate the enterprising genius of Latude. Beneath the flooring of his apartment, he found that there was an empty space of about four feet; this cavity, by means of squares dexterously removed and replaced again, was to serve as a receptacle for the materials, with which his escape was to be accomplished. The prisoners had in their apartment a folding table, which was joined by two iron hinges; by continued friction of these on the stone, they formed a couple of tools, which were principally employed in detaching the iron grating in the chimney, and in raising a square of the floor. In a trunk which Latude was still suffered to retain, he had a considerable stock of shirts, handkerchiefs, towels, drawers, stockings, &c. Of these they set about unravelling the threads, in order to form lines. They separated the single threads and tied one to another, and made of them a certain number of balls, each containing fifty threads of sixty feet in length. They twisted these into a cord of fifty feet long, with which they formed a ladder of twenty feet. This served to support them while they were employed in removing the bars and projections of iron in the chimney. This took them above six months of continual toil, and during the operation they were obliged to put themselves into the most torturing positions, and seldom came down without bloody hands. The iron bars were fixed in a very hard cement, which they were obliged to soften by moistening with saliva the holes which they made. They thought themselves happy when in the space of a night they had removed a quantity of cement hardly exceeding the breadth of a hair.

They next occupied themselves in constructing a ladder of wood, which was necessary to mount from the foss to the parapet, and from the parapet into the garden of the governor. This was to be five and twenty feet high. To this purpose they devoted some of the billets which were allowed them for firing, which were from eighteen to twenty inches long. Out of an iron candlestick Latude formed a sort of saw, and he ground a small piece of steel into a knife; with this saw, the knife, and the two instruments which were formed out of the hinges they cut the billets into shape. These they contrived pegs and joints to fasten together, as well as holes for the staves. For the ladder was formed of only one upright piece in the centre, and the staves were fixed across, and fastened by pegs. The ladder had twenty staves of fifteen inches each; and as the central piece was three inches wide, each staff projected

six inches on each side. In proportion as they finished these preparations they concealed them in the cavity beneath the floor. They next engaged in the formation of the ladder by which they were to descend from the top of the tower, which could not be less than one hundred and eighty feet long. This they formed by unravelling their shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, handkerchiefs, and in short all the linen or silk which they had in their possession. When they had got together a sufficient quantity of balls, they employed the night in twisting the threads into a cord.

Round the towers of the Bastille there was a projecting ledge of three or four feet, from which the long ladder by which they were to descend, would hang loose and fluctuate in the air; and this was sufficient to cause the best organised head to turn giddy with fright. In order to obviate this inconvenience and prevent either of them from falling off and being dashed to pieces, they formed a second rope of about three hundred and sixty feet in length, by which they might be better secured in their descent. They afterwards made several other smaller ropes in order to attach the ladder to the breech of a cannon, and for other unforeseen emergencies. The fifth of February 1756 was the day that they fixed for their escape. Latude filled a lenthern portmanteau with a change of dress for himself and his associate, and with two cramps of iron, in order to force a way, if it should be necessary, through the wall which separated the foss of the Bastille from that of the gate Saint Antony through which they were to pass. They had no sooner supped than Latude first mounted the chimney, and after being almost stifled with soot and grazed to the quick in several parts of his body, arrived at the top. He then let down a cord to which d'Alegre attached the portmanteau, which was drawn up without any difficulty, and thrown on the platform of the prison. Latude drew up in the same manner the wooden ladder, and irons which they had provided in order to pierce the wall of the foss if it should be necessary. D'Alegre now ascended the chimney, and rejoined his companion; and they both alighted on the platform of the Bastille. They fastened the long rope ladder by one of the ends to the frame of a cannon, formed the rest into a ball, and let it drop gently to the ground. Latude now fixed the long cord round his body, and passed it over a sort of pulley without a wheel; so that d'Alegre gradually loosened it in proportion to his descent. Notwithstanding this precaution, Latude fluctuated in the air every step he took; but he succeeded in reaching the foss without any accident. D'Alegre next let down the portmanteau, &c.; and then began to descend himself, which he did with less diffi-

culty, because Latude held the end of the ladder with all his strength; which prevented it from vacillating so much as before. When the two companions had both got to the bottom, they heard a sentinel walking at a few yards distance from where they stood. Instead of mounting the parapet, and escaping by the garden of the governor as they first designed, they proceeded directly to the wall which separated the foss of the Bastille from that of the gate Saint Antony; and went instantly to work with their irons in order to force a passage through to the other side. In the spot in which they were thus employed, they were up to their armpits in water; in which they remained during nine hours, till they were exhausted with fatigue and benumbed with cold. They had hardly begun to loosen the stones of the wall, than they beheld a patrol walking about twelve feet above. The lantern, which he held in his hand, threw its glare on the spot where they stood, and they had no other means of eluding detection than by dipping their heads under water. This manœuvre they were obliged to repeat every half hour.

At length, after incredible exertion, which nothing but the ardent hope of recovering their liberty could have enabled them to undergo, they had perforated a hole in the wall, which was four feet and a half thick, large enough for a man to pass. At this moment they forgot their sufferings and their toils, and their hearts beat high with joy; but as they were passing the foss Saint Antoine in order to get into the road to Bercy, they had still to encounter fresh perils and toils. They both fell into an aqueduct, which ran in the middle, which was ten feet deep in water and two in mud. Nothing but the vigorous activity of Latude could have saved them on this occasion. He seized his companion by the hair of his head, and thus forced him to the other side. Just as the clocks struck five, they had passed the foss and got into the high road. Transported with joy they embraced each other, and knelt down to return thanks to the Supreme Being, whose mercy had conducted them through such an extraordinary tissue of perilous adventure. They next proceeded to change their dress; and began to feel all the torpesying effects of cold to a degree beyond what they had experienced during the nine successive hours in which they had been engaged in making a breach in the wall, and above their middle in the water of the foss. After having eluded the vigilance of the police for some time in Paris, d'Alegre travelled to Brussels in disguise, whither he was soon after followed by his friend; but Latude had no sooner reached this capital of the then Austrian Netherlands than he learned that his associate in misfortune had been arrested and sent to Lisle.

He was deeply affected by this news, and made the best of his way into Holland, where he experienced the utmost indigence and distress; which were indeed occasionally relieved by the compassion of particular individuals, such as Providence seems to sprinkle over every part of the world, as the instruments of his benevolence in alleviating the wants and the misfortunes of his creatures. But even in Holland Latude was not free from the persecution of Madame Pompadour, or the vigilant intrigues of the French police. His letters were intercepted, his retreat discovered; interest was made with the government of Holland to have his person secured; and the poor sufferer was again lodged in the Bastille. Irons were placed on his feet and wrists, and he was confined in a dungeon with only a handful of straw for his bed. For forty successive months he was detained in this miserable situation. The cell in which he was placed was much infested by rats, which he contrived at last to domesticate and tame. The account which is given of this attempt is curious and interesting; but we must refer our readers to the book itself for the details. Suffice it to say that this constituted the only source of amusement which Latude experienced during the long period of his captivity. In 1764 Latude was again removed from the Bastille to the castle of Vincennes, from which he once more made his escape, but his ill fortune, as usual, soon followed on the heels of his good; he was again arrested and again doomed to experience the loss of that liberty which he loved, but of which he had tasted so small a share. He was afterwards transferred by the orders of M. de Malesherbes, who had been induced to believe that he was mad, to the hospital of Charenton, which at that time served as a receptacle for lunatics. Here he had the misfortune to hear of his old friend d'Alegre, whose sufferings had actually deprived him of his reason. Latude procured an interview with him; he fell on his neck and wept; but d'Alegre had lost the power of recollection. He pushed away his old companion with a look of horror and surprise. I am Latude, says his friend, who assisted you in escaping from the Bastille, do not you remember me? With a ghastly stare and tone of terror, d'Alegre replied, 'Non! je suis Dieu!' 'No! I am God Almighty.' This was too much for the sympathising Latude; his heart was ready to burst with grief; he sighed, and hurried from the spot. On the 5th of June, 1777, Latude was set at liberty by an order of the minister Amelot, but the demon of despotism had not yet ceased to trouble his repose. He had set out for Montagnac his native place, but was again arrested in his way and immured in the prison of the Bicetre, where he was kept for

years on bread and water, and did not fully recover his liberty and independence till the year 1784, after a total period of five-and-thirty years of misery and imprisonment. The baron Breteuil obtained for him a pension of about sixteen pounds a year from Louis XVI. This trivial indemnity for the tyranny and injustice which he had experienced was increased in the beginning of the revolution in 1789. Such is the singular history of Latude, which cannot be regarded as devoid of instruction or of interest. It shews what almost insuperable difficulties may be overcome by the mind, when all its powers are directed to one object and resolutely bent on the execution. His escape from the Bastille, compared with the accumulated difficulties which he had to encounter, and the slender means which he possessed for the purpose, the terrors of the undertaking, and the courage which he displayed must be regarded as a singular instance of the most heroic enterprize and adventure. His example may well be employed to inspire hope in the desponding, constancy in the wavering, and resolution in the timid. It shews how much physical suffering may be endured by the body, where it is inhabited by an energetic mind, the vigour of which seems to increase in proportion to the oppression which it has to sustain, the difficulties which it has to encounter, and the perils which it is required to brave.

ART. VIII.—*Beyträge zur beförderung der Humanität, &c.*
Help to the Promotion of Humanity, and particularly of a
pure Benevolence between the different Sects of Christians.
By P. J. H. Hoogen. First vol. 8vo. Duisburg. 1805.

ART. IX.—*Die Volksschulen, &c.*

National Schools not ecclesiastical, but political Institutions, with a particular Reference to the Prussian Provinces in Westphalia. Views, Hopes, and Wishes of a Catholic Teacher of Religion. 8vo. 1805.

ART. X.—*Freymüthige untersuchung, &c.*

Free Enquiry into the Provincial Schools, as an Affair of State, by a Friend of Truth. 8vo. Quicklinbutg. 1805.

WE shall include the notice of these three works in one article. The subject of education, and the discipline and management of schools, have, happily for our times, begun to excite general interest; and, as might be expected, have

encouraged a host of writers of all descriptions to employ their pens on the occasion. The author of the first work says that 'the improvement of institutions for public instruction will no where meet with fewer impediments, than where the most complete religious toleration is the principle of the government.' He cherishes the hope that the Prussian government, which has long been a pattern to others in this respect, will not be backward in exhibiting an example of this improvement. 'In such a state,' says M. Hoogen, 'the diffusion of knowledge can excite no alarm. That illumination, which is the result of moral and useful instruction, is the support of the state, and of the general welfare.' The author clearly discerns with what this illumination should begin, and whither it should tend. He does not recommend an unreasonable and sudden burst of light, or any rash and frivolous change. He does not wish to profane what is holy, nor to degrade what is serious. He is not anxious to turn religion into a cold and lifeless system of ethical prudence; he is rather studious to elevate the true dignity of man, and to make all citizens wise enough, under the guidance of religion, to do their duty and be morally happy. Such illumination can certainly never be too general; and the attempt to promote it can be opposed only by ignorance and malevolence. The most terrible consequences may arise from the want of such popular instruction. In order to promote this, it is the duty of all religious teachers to be unwearied in inculcating religious toleration. It is only where this prevails that religious establishments can be permanently improved. This must prepare the way for the moral illumination of the people. The public instruction of the country should be a legislative provision for every citizen; considered as a mere matter of state, and independent of all sectarian or ecclesiastical opinions. The author exhibits a warm and faithful but not exaggerated picture of such a separation; and he proceeds to remove the difficulties which stand in the way of their union. Many of these difficulties lie, alas! in the teachers themselves, by whom the beneficent views of the government should be executed. 'The present system,' says he, 'of popular education is a moral enormity.' We have then a description of a catholic and a protestant school, as they are usually conducted. We find some very valuable remarks on the use of the Bible in schools. For the young he recommends only a small portion suited to their apprehension; for the catechumens and older scholars, a useful extract containing every thing which is instructive and important to the whole body of christians; and which may promote the practice of christi-

anity. The christian instruction, which should be delivered in such schools, should imprint on the hearts of the children of all denominations, the general principles of christianity, independent of all doctrinal distinctions. The second essay breathes the most comprehensive charity: It begins with shewing how, in opposition to the doctrine of Jesus, which embraces every moral excellence that can adorn, exalt or perfect rational man, which connects the whole human race as the children of one common father, recourse has been had to the arms of terror and of persecution; which, instead of promoting its diffusion, have defeated the beneficence of its operations.

The knowledge of God, says the author, or religion, is the best source of human happiness. The whole creation breathes the feeling of joy. Even the gospel is the clear expression of a social, consoling, and exhilarating benevolence. The founder of christianity came to re-establish the neglected and forgotten dignity of man, to dry up the tears of misery, to dispel the slavery of fear, to erect the kingdom of God in every heart on the basis of the most perfect religion of which man is capable. Humanity in its purest sense is its name. Jesus laid the ground-work of human reformation in the principle of reason, as it came from God, and of truth, as it could come only from heaven; and his unvitiated doctrine will never cease to be accompanied with the genial flame of faith, hope and love in the breast of man. The christian religion has a principal reference to the internal constitution of man. Its object was to establish the sovereignty of truth in the soul. The external form of christianity is so wisely contrived, that it will adapt itself to every political constitution. It is a law addressed only to the conscience and the heart. It interferes not with any civil regulations; and there is no modification of civil government which may not be benefited by its presence in the heart. All political incorporation tends only to vitiate and debase the christian doctrine. The more any particular form of it is connected with temporal distinction, profit, or advantage, the more the doctrine itself must lose its spiritual influence on the heart and life. For christianity is not a religion of outward form, but of inward peace, integrity, and joy. To attach interested consideration or political difference to any particular form, is to abstract the attention from the essence of the doctrine, and to make the moral excellence of the conduct subordinate to the hypocritical profession of the lips. Religion is a principle in the heart swaying the affections and the life; and to view it in any other light, or to teach it as something more or something less than

this, is to neglect its practical efficacy, to depress it into the dregs of hypocrisy, or to sublime it into the fumes of superstition.

The author of the 'Free Enquiry,' asks 'what our states have hitherto done to promote popular instruction?' The answer contains an account of known and familiar events with complaints of failures and abuses which have often been repeated, and with many good wishes expressed in a flat and insipid diction. The author had his eye more particularly on the Prussian states; with the schools in which, with their defects and recent improvements he seems to be but imperfectly acquainted.

These works, whatever may be their merit, prove that the great object of popular instruction and national schools occupies the attention of many persons on the continent; and that the moral and intellectual culture of the people has attracted the notice of governments, which were once but too indifferent to such consideration. If the bill which Mr. Whitbread lately introduced into the house of commons should pass into a law, this country will exhibit a plan of national instruction, which will deserve the imitation of every civilized nation in the world.

ART. XI.—*Portugisisk Resa, beskrifven i Bref till, &c. &c.*
Travels in Portugal, in Letters to a Friend; by C. J. Ruders.
First Part. 1805. 8vo. Stockholm.

THIS volume contains fifteen letters, in which the author describes his voyage from the coast of Sweden through the Sound to Portugal, his stay at Lisbon, and his excursions into the country, particularly to Setubal and Cintra. The style of buildings in those parts of Lisbon which were erected after the earthquake are strikingly contrasted with the remains of the ancient city, in which we meet with narrow and crooked streets, where the high and miserable houses have windows of lattice more often than of glass. The English fashion predominates in the dress. The common people wear in winter and summer a long wide mantle without sleeves. The author complains of the badness of the weather, the insecurity and filthiness of the streets, and the multitudes of dogs and beggars with which they are infested. Even the amusements of the children here prove what most occupies the imagination; one of their most frequent games is confession and absolution. A person of German extraction, of the name of

Møller, a Danish missionary and pastor to the Lutheran chapel, who could not manage to live upon his salary, entered into the Portuguese service; and was, on his feigning to embrace the catholic religion, made translator of foreign dispatches, member of the academy of sciences, and *censor librorum regius*, with the title of captain in the navy which confers the highest rank. Portugal is indebted for no small share of its civilization and improvement to Pombal, who ruled every thing under king Joseph, but who lost his influence, when the present queen assumed the government. He was to Portugal what Peter the First was to Russia. There were indeed many of his useful institutions which did not survive his fall; but the knowledge which he diffused, the direction which he gave the sentiments and manners, and the impression which he made on the national character, will hardly ever be effaced. His eldest surviving son by the Austrian countess Daun is a member of the council of state; the younger, who possesses few talents, lives in retirement. The Portuguese live in general very frugally; but among them there are some who know how to vary the pleasures of the table. The author vindicates the Portuguese against many unreasonable censures and accusations, and particularly against some of our own countrymen. The prince of Brasil promised his wife not to order any criminals for execution; this contributed only to increase the outrage and insecurity. The author describes many of their festivals, particularly the *das festa do Corpo de Dios*, of St. Anthony, St. Joseph, John the Baptist, and the Irish St. Patrick, &c. &c. During the illness of the queen, the ministry with the prince of Brasil administered the government; but on the 19th of July 1799 this chief declared for the regent, and the secretary of state for the home department, José de Scabra da Silva, received his dismissal with leave to remove twelve miles from the town. In a former period, Pombal had sent him to Africa, as a punishment for the disclosure of some important secret. He was accused of venality and corruption in his office; and even in distributing his spiritual promotions he paid little regard to knowledge and to character. He introduced a monk who was at play with him to a foreign minister in these words; 'Cast your eyes on this fat priest, who knows only how to eat and play at whist!' The bull fights, which are here described, are seldom attended with fatal consequences. The author is copious in his theatrical details. The Italian theatre has the preference. The queen forbade the appearance of women on the stage; their parts were accordingly supplied by men in female attire, which had a pernicious tendency. At present three actresses have obtained

permission from the prince to assist in the theatrical performances. And we are furnished not only with a description of the theatre, but of the most celebrated actors and dancers, with a review of many of the dramatic productions, with extracts from some. On the national theatre all the characters are performed by males. The author describes the wretched condition of the poor, which is principally owing to the numerous feasts and holidays, which tend to produce habits of idleness and to relax the sinews of industry. At Cintra the author describes the sensations which he experienced in the language of the young Anacharsis in Greece; "It is happy for a traveller to have acquired a stock of sweet and vivid emotions, of which the recollection will renew the feeling in every succeeding period of life, but which he cannot share with those who, having never experienced the same, are always more interested in the recital of his pains than of his pleasures."

ART. XII.—*Coup d'Oeil sur l'Hollande, ou Tableau de ce Royaume, &c.*

A Glance at Holland, or a Picture of that Kingdom in 1806.
2 Parts. 8vo. pp. 470. Paris 1807. Imported by Deconchy.

THE history of the origin, progress, decline and fall of Holland is that of all other nations which more immediately interests Englishmen. The similarity of the two countries in the important principles of religion, in extensive commerce, industry, population, manufactures and navigation, facilitates such a close comparison as may furnish lessons of wisdom to the legislators of this country. The fate of Holland has suggested to the enemy the project of attempting to bring the same causes which led to it, to operate against Great Britain, with the hope of finally producing the same effects. The famous decree against English manufactures was issued with this view, of reducing the people on the continent to the necessity of making every article of their own use, and thus to effect by force a kind of rivalry in the manufactures of primary necessity, and ultimately in those of elegance and fashion. The rapid progress of manufactures in England, and in France, it is here observed, occasioned the decline of those of Holland; but the author should have added, that while Holland enjoyed the advantages of a commerce with the British dominions, what she lost by the decline of manufactures to which the climate was not particularly adapted, she gained by a trade which was congenial to the habits and principles of the Dutch nation. It is indeed suffi-

ciently evident that the decline of the Dutch domestic manufactures was no great political evil, whilst the merchants and traders were much more advantageously employed as dealers and brokers of the English manufactures to the people of all the other states in the north of Germany. Had France suffered the Dutch to pursue quietly a business for which their habits and national good faith were peculiarly adapted, the prosperity of Holland would have continued amidst the wreck of nations unimpaired; and the French despot of the day, in return for this permission of neutrality, might have received, under the title of loans, annual contributions which would have been much more efficient in recruiting his armies, than the forced assistance of a few half-starved Dutchmen, who consult their personal safety in desertion or immediate capitulation. The alliance between France and Holland effected the total ruin of the latter, without either enriching or strengthening the former. But to examine the picture before us, which, as usual with French artists, is tolerably grouped, and the imperfections of the figures carefully concealed by an artificial brilliancy of colouring. It is the production of one of those six-weeks tourists with whom France always and even England latterly abounds. The hum of these migrating insects is easily discovered by the warmth of their panegyric or the bitterness of their invective: not having time to compare and reflect, and having more sensations than ideas, they leave the more arduous task of exercising reason and judgment to graver travellers, and think themselves transcendently great in the rapid expressions of feeling which only betray their own littleness and want of mind. The author of these two little volumes, however, acknowledges that he made '*un assez court séjour en Hollande,*' but that he has availed himself of the numerous topographical works published in every province or every district of that country to render his observations *calamo currente* more correct.

The author commences his view very properly with the history of the United Provinces, which he comprises in the modest space of three pages, and concludes with the observation that after these States were occupied in 1795 by the French armies, 'Holland, placed between a power which from the earliest times has been its *irreconcilable enemy*, and France, its natural ally, could not hesitate in its choice; and in calling a *French* prince to the head of their government the Dutch have consulted their true interests.' The assertions, that England has *always* been the irreconcilable enemy of Holland, and that the Dutch, in becoming the vassals of France, have pursued their *true* interests, are such palpable falsehoods, and such a gross insult to the people of that fallen nation, that we did not think it possible that even a Frenchman

would have dared to utter such an expression. M. Metelkamp, in his Statistical View of Holland in 1804, has explicitly declared that, without the restoration of the commercial relations with Great Britain, it is impossible for the United Provinces to maintain their political existence. We pass over the treaty with France in May 1806, constituting the remains of the Batavian republic into a kingdom, as the permanent dispensations of Providence are seldom so irreconcilable to human ideas of justice, as to induce us to suppose that what had sprung up in iniquity would not pass away with it, and "leave not a wreck behind."

The aspect of Batavia affords a field for our literary painter's imagination, and he represents the soil of Holland as a compost of earth, sand and water, which not only yields under the pressure of the foot, but trembles and shakes at every step. This country is justly considered as the lowest and flattest in Europe, and notwithstanding its limited extent is intersected with numerous rivers, the chief of which are the Rhine, the Meuse, Vecht, Amstell, Schie, Gouwe and Yssel, and these again connected by canals which establish a communication between every city, town and village. Their dykes however are still more extraordinary; that of West-Capelle in Zealand appeared the most striking to our author, it being from 200 to 250 yards long, and raised to a height equal to that of the most elevated downs or sand hills. The annual expence of keeping it in a durable state is more than £6250 a year. The lakes, gulfs, and marshes are innumerable, and daily increasing. The picture of the climate of such a country, is of course not very flattering, and the cold and humidity of frequent fogs are assigned as the causes of rheumatic diseases, the gout, pleurisies, affections of the breast, and the scurvy, which particularly affects the inhabitants of North Holland. The fresh water is represented, but erroneously, as good in several provinces, whereas the Dutch themselves assign the badness of their water as a reason for their consumption of so much ardent spirits. The productions of the soil, although highly cultivated, are not numerous, and the corn annually raised is sufficient to nourish the inhabitants only a few months; potatoes supply the place of flour or meal. Gardening has attained considerable perfection in Holland; and the meadow land, and that occupied with tobacco, flax, and hemp, are sufficiently productive; but vast tracts exist as uncultivable moors and sand banks. The breeding of cattle the author considers as one of the bases of the prosperity of Holland. Speaking of their dairies, he mentions a custom which has prevailed during several centuries, of great numbers of persons accompanying the milkmaids to the fields on the morning of Pentecost, in Guelderland, where they per-

form their rural sports and pastimes, and regale themselves with hot milk. These excursions, observes the writer, have not always pleasure for their object, and sometimes terminate very little to the satisfaction of the milkmaid, who if peevish, unsocial or not very cleanly, is generally ridiculed by the exhibition of some ridiculous effigy, while her more amiable and more cleanly associate finds her handsomest cow covered with wreaths of flowers. The butter is manufactured in Holland in the same manner as in some parts of this country, although different from the method used in France. The author asserts, what will not be believed by any persons capable of judging, that the Dutch salt butter is better than the English or Irish. The superiority of the cheese is likewise alledged, but in less dogmatical terms, although it is acknowledged that their salted provisions are greatly inferior to the British. The horses, which are chiefly from Germany, are of inferior merit; they are never made to carry loads on their backs, but constantly to draw carts or carriages disengaged from any weight, and it is observed that if France be the hell, Holland is the paradise for horses. The account of the sheep, however, is much more extraordinary. We shall give a literal translation of the author's sentiments :

' Friesland,' he observes, ' also furnishes very fine wool of a quality nearly equal to that of North Holland, but somewhat shorter. The Friesland sheep are not less remarkable for their size and beautiful figures, than the products which they yield in wool, milk and lambs. They bear a silky wool from 15 to 16 inches long, and very fine for its length. These animals, of a prodigious size, are habitually very meagre, especially in the season when they are milked. They yield from 17 to 18lbs. of wool (8 to 8½ kilogrammes). The ewes, which have udders as large as goats, are milked twice a day, and give a quart of milk each time. They bring forth every year 3, 4 and even 5 lambs ! The characteristic properties of Dutch wool are cleanness, whiteness, fineness, length, softness, strength and smoothness.'

The author's view of the domestic economy of the farmers and peasantry of Holland is very imperfect. Their cleanness and neatness is proverbial, and the slight sketch of their holiday dress rather indicates their taste than manner of life. Several places called villages are really cities in Holland greater than those of the third order in France. That class which lives solely by the produce of their milk and their vegetables, are properly considered the peasants of the country, where luxury has within a few years made some progress. The disuse of beer and the increased consumption of spirits are also allowed ; and the author expresses his astonishment that the Dutch have not, like the Germans, Prussians, and

Lithuanians, adopted the manufacture of spirits from potatoes. Vinegar they make from French cyder, salt they import from Portugal. Peat-moss is generally used as fuel, the soot of which serves to scour tin and take the rust from iron, the ashes as manure, and the smoke to dry their herrings and salmon. Their coals are chiefly imported from England and Germany; and the imposts and taxes laid on the peat-moss, add on the workmen employed in the manufacture of this fuel, form an essential part of the revenue, and are highly oppressive to the people. The maintenance of the public roads has of late been neglected, and except the great rout from Harlem to Amsterdam and to the Hague, the other roads are impassable in spring and autumn. Travelling in carriages is consequently very expensive, and sometimes impracticable; but the passage in the canals is still convenient and cheap. With the public works, the author classes the windmills, which the Dutch use not only for sawing timber, pounding brick, and milling copper, but also for draining the country of water. Those used for the latter purpose are vertical windmills, which raise 700 tons of water four feet high in a minute, each ton of $5\frac{1}{4}$ Rhenish cubic feet. It is estimated that 250 tons a minute, one with another throughout the year, are raised, which occupy 1185 cubic feet of France, or about 1260 of England.

Seven chapters of this Picture are dedicated to the subject of external and internal commerce and trade with the colonies; but as they treat confessedly of what was and not of what is, we shall pass them over, although they are not without interest, as containing several historical anecdotes, designed indeed to flatter the inhabitants of the United Provinces, yet still not without some foundation in fact. The decay of the Dutch commerce is dated from the treaty of Utrecht; and all their manufactures, it is no longer denied, have been reduced to domestic consumption. The woollen and silk manufactories are not now even in a state able to supply the internal demand for superior articles. In order to obviate the emotion that such a national catastrophe must occasion, we have all the late manufactures again minutely detailed as if still existing in the *new kingdom*. The starch-factories are recorded as producing this article of very superior quality, as also flax, linen, hemp, bleachfields, ticking, lawn, and paper. The papermills indeed have almost entirely disappeared in Holland, and the printing of books has been declining during the last century. The Dutch are now supplied with printing paper from France and writing paper from this country. 'It is not agreed,' says the writer, 'to whom the discovery of the cylinder, adopted last century in the

manufactory of paper, is owing; one attributes the honour to the Dutch, another to the English, but it appears more likely that it is due to the French! Such is the usual style of Frenchmen in arrogating to their countrymen the merits of inventions which they do not even understand, as appears in the present instance, in which the writer determines on the likelihood of a discovery, of the nature of which he is wholly ignorant. It is somewhat singular that all the modern French writers, without exception, should be so zealous in assuming the merit of discovering the English method of manufacturing wove-paper, as if the existence of their country depended on it, when it is notorious that they were entirely unacquainted with the process till the perfidious mania of the revolution led some infatuated Englishmen to their ungrateful country. There is indeed more truth in the assertion that the Dutch are indebted to the French for the manufactory of stained paper, and for cabinet-work, which France and this country still supply. The superiority of the Dutch madder is ascribed to the care used in drying the plant in ovens, instead of exposing it to the sun as in hotter climates; but the once important manufacture of tobacco has fallen to ruin since the revolution, and at Amsterdam, where there were formerly 3000 persons employed at the tobacco-factories, such a trade is now scarcely known. The trade of making mats the author has also thought proper to enumerate among the products of Dutch industry. Their hair and brush manufactories are represented as still unrivalled, but their tanyards are conducted with little success, and are very inferior to the English or even the French. The art of clarifying quills is of Dutch invention, but greatly improved in this country; in France they are still ignorant of the best process, and our author represents the Dutch method as consisting in an immersion in boiling water, and afterwards scraping the barrel of the quill with the back of a knife. The brick-works, tiles, pottery, and delft-ware, which once were distinguished in Europe, are now almost vanished. In glassmaking and manufacture of the metals the Dutch have never made any progress, and their ironmongery, clocks and watches are chiefly imported from this country. Their refineries of sugar, saffron and borax, preparations of chocolate and linseed oil, bleaching of wax, cotton manufactories, hosiery, woollen and silk manufactories, hat-making, pipe manufactories, enamels, preparations of lead, minium, ceruse, corrosive sublimate, and other salts, and the cutting of precious stones, all have sunk into irrecoverable ruin since the alliance of Holland with France. After this tedious detail, we shall give the author's conclu-

ding reflections on the operative causes which effected this general decay.

‘ After having examined attentively,’ says our author, ‘ what are the sources of the wealth of Holland, it is easy to remark that besides the principal causes which should paralyze the commerce of that country, there are still others which are independant even of these circumstances. The abundance of money increasing workmanship, could not fail to injure manufactures, the number of which was already diminished by the erection of those of neighbouring states in the course of the last century. The East India company experienced a similar counterpoise. The progress of the English in the Indies, that which the French, Danish and Swedish companies made, must have diminished their operations, and by consequence the return and the profits of the company. But what principally sustained the commerce of the Dutch till the epoch of the French revolution, was the immense capitals which they possessed. It was this advantage which enabled them to prescribe the course of exchange in Europe. Amsterdam was become the general bank ; the facility which merchants had of drawing on their correspondents in that city for the amount of the goods which they had sold, and of purchasing others with these draughts, preserved in Holland some branches of commerce which otherwise would not have flourished there.’

This is a sufficiently explicit avowal that the French revolution has been the immediate cause of the total ruin of Holland, although the author wished to assign it to some more remote event, which should have less effect on the minds of the Dutch in exciting their hatred towards the nation and people who had occasioned all their miseries. Tables of the Dutch liquid and dry measures are given, and also of their monies, which are numerous beyond all comparison. The author only enumerates the different species of silver coin, which amount to 21, without being certain that he has included all that are current in Holland. His picture of the religious institutions of the United Provinces may now be curious to supine French papists. It appears that there were in that country 9 synods, 53 presbyteries (which the writer calls classes) and 1570 preachers of the calvinistic faith, besides several reformed French churches. The papists have 350 churches and 400 priests ; the followers of Arminius 34 communities, and 43 ministers ; the Lutherans 41 communities, and 53 preachers ; and the Anabaptists 86 communities and 300 pastors. To these must be added the Moravians, Greeks, Armenian Christians, Quakers, (now a very small number) and lastly the Jews, who there enjoy political rights. A new sect has recently appeared under the auspices of M. Canzias Van Onderden-Wyngaart, called *Christo-Sacrum*, or more properly univer-

salists, who embrace and unite all sects, have no established system, no preachers only two orators, and who divide religious offices into two classes; the first, veneration to God, for which they assemble every Sunday evening; the second, religious instruction, for which they assemble every second Tuesday evening, and discuss matters relative to revealed religion. They celebrate the sacrament six times a year, and during the prayer and blessing all kneel.

The Dutch language is the subject of our author's highest admiration, and he does not hesitate to assert, although he acknowledges 'that the greater part of the German expressions have been adopted by the Dutch,' that 'it is infinitely richer in substantives than any other ancient or modern language except the Greek!' His apparently superficial knowledge of the Dutch and other European languages renders such an assertion of little moment. His remarks on their proverbial expressions as connected with navigation and domestic economy, are sufficiently obvious: He recommends the works of Weiland as the best to acquire a knowledge of the Dutch; but he does not omit to mention the universality of the French, which he calls the classical language of Europe, and states that it and English are habitually spoken in Holland.

The second part of this work treats of the *kingdom of Holland* as divided into eight departments, which include the ancient Seven United Provinces or Batavian republic. Under these divisions the author presents his readers with a topographical and picturesque view of the country now ignorantly called the '*kingdom of Holland*,' in which are several lively pictures of the dress, manners and customs of the inhabitants, their industry, cleanliness to excess,* domestic and culinary economy, public and private education, commerce, agriculture, civil and criminal police, edifices, institutions, and public curiosities. The whole are enlivened with numerous historical and biographical anecdotes of Dutch warriors and statesmen as characteristic of their peculiar genius and nation;

Among the various incidents that are here related, we observe the effects of apophthegms and inscriptions in the standards among the Dutch. On one occasion, attacking the Spaniards with a very inferior and apparently insignificant force, the commander gave the words 'Sooner Turk than Papist;' and the enemy were routed with a celerity and slaughter surpassing all preceding actions. Another circumstance perhaps still

* As an instance of this excessive cleanness, the author justly observes, that the ceremony of placing a spitting-box, although very clean and neat, on the table, might be dispensed with.

more extraordinary in a modern French publication, is that in fragments, which embrace the more conspicuous facts of the history of the United Provinces during the last five centuries, no malignant or invidious insinuations (except the phrase we have before noticed) are introduced, which could tend to make it be believed that the Dutch and English have not always been in the strictest habits of friendship and commercial intercourse. The work bears much internal evidence of having been expressly written to conciliate the Dutch to their government and to the French; and neither the one nor the other, it is well known, would be facilitated by illiberal abuse of England. Another reason has been assigned for this apparent moderation. Different opinions prevail, with respect to Holland, among the Buonapartes. Fanny Beauharnois, alias her Dutch majesty, who is a much abler politician than her idiot king, is of opinion that unless the Dutch are allowed to trade with this country, the restoration of their commerce and the conservation of their country, in a few years more will be utterly impossible; that England finds every year new marts for her manufactures, but the Dutch have no longer any productive industry; and that without some alteration in the present system, the depopulation is so rapid and alarming, that the Dutch, as a people, may shortly be expected to vanish from the earth. This opinion has been strongly inculcated in Holland, and the growing apathy and drunkenness of the people tend not a little to give it the force of a politico-moral axiom.

With respect to the literary merit of these little volumes, the preceding extracts will show that they are not devoid of interesting information. But they are throughout designed to flatter the national character and people of the United Provinces, and instead of presenting a picture of that country in 1806, it is, with only one or two exceptions, not later than 1792 or 1790; if not much older.

ART. XIII.—*Kritische Beyträge zur Münzkunde, &c.*

Critical Contributions to a Knowledge of the Medals of the Middle Ages. By Joseph Mader. Second Part. 8ve. Prague. 1806.

THE first part of this work was published in 1804. Few collections have been made of the medals of the middle ages; and the medals of this period, which are to be found in private cabinets, are usually arranged not as a separate

collection, but with those of the countries to which they belong. It would perhaps be difficult to define the chronological limits of such a collection; or with what date it should begin or end. This author proposes to make it begin with the conclusion of the reign of the emperor Theodosius the Great, and to end with the accession of Charles the Fifth. This work contains many remarks which will be interesting to the connoisseurs in medals; much that he has said will perhaps be thought too minute, but these apparent minutiae lead to important results in such researches. We have a section on some obscure or mistaken inscriptions, which contains many happy conjectures and directions. We will give a few instances. The letters PRISIN, which are found on a medal of the East Angles, are read PRINCEPS INCLYTUS. The inscription SCIPSTRUATES, which appears on a medal of Cologne, is explained, SCSPETRUS A TE, (quite in the spirit of that prelate.) The letter I which we find on many medals of the middle ages, before or after the name or title, is interpreted Indignus. e. g. RODULPH. EPS Indignus, and the author proves this from documents of those ages where such humiliating expressions often appear; e. g. Ego Conradus, licet indignus, tamen episcopus. SMPE on the Neapolitan medals is taken by the author for SUM Miles PETRI. The objection that there are many Neapolitan medals of those times, in which these letters do not appear, is obviated by the consideration, that many kings of Naples were on bad terms with the court of Rome, or felt no necessity for saying this on their medals.

ART. XIV.—*Grundriss der Geschichte der älteren, mittleren et neueren zeit, &c.*

Principles of Ancient and Modern History, together with that of the middle Age. By Dr. Louis Wachler, Professor of History and Theology at Marburg. 1 Vol. 8vo. Marburg. 1807.

THIS work, as the title implies, is only a kind of syllabus of a course of history: and it points out what the author considers as the best method to pursue in the study and development of the most prominent events in the history of the world. The introduction briefly points out the sources from which history has been drawn, the sentiment with which we ought to study it, the preliminary knowledge it requires, and suggests the proper divisions to enable the readers of history to classify facts with precision. The author dates his

first historical period from the reign of Cyrus 560 years before the vulgar æra. He slightly notices the events anterior to this period, and the mythologies of the different nations during these obscure and fabulous ages.

Professor Wachler divides his system of universal history into eleven grand periods. The first extends from Cyrus (560 before Christ) to Alexander (336); the second from Alexander to the birth of Christ; the third extends to the downfall of the empire of the West (476 after Christ); the fourth from A. D. 476 to Charlemagne 771; the fifth from 771 to the founding of the power of the Holy See by Gregory VII (1073); the sixth from 1073 to the discovery of America in 1492; the seventh extends to the reformation in 1517; the eighth from 1517 to the preponderance of the Austro-Spanish monarchy in 1659; the ninth extends from 1659 to 1700, being the time of the preponderance of the French monarchy; the tenth period, from 1700 to 1789, the author denominates that of the balance of Europe; the eleventh from 1789 to 1805, is the period of the French revolution, and the subsequent extension of the power of France over the continent.

At each period the author gives a succinct summary of the principal events which signalize it, he points out those which flow from the former, and mentions those authors who may be consulted with most advantage. The readers of history will no doubt find Professor Wachler's work a most excellent companion to the study of that branch of science. The chronological table of the principal epochs which he has subjoined, has to boast a display of all that indefatigable industry and minute accuracy, which distinguish the German scholars.

ART. XV.—*Kritisches Deutsches Waterbucher, &c.*

Critical Dictionary Greek and German, intended to assist in the reading of the profane Greek Authors; by Johan Gottlob Schneider, Professor of the Greek Language at Frankfort upon the Oder, Jena and Leipsic. 3d edition. 2 vol. 4to. 1807.

THROUGHOUT the whole of this work, the author displays the most profound erudition accompanied by the most scrupulous anxiety to render his work a book of reference of no common character for fidelity. He gives his explanations with as much clearness and precision as the subject will admit of, pointing out the exact roots of the words, and marking the modifications of their derivatives relative to their signification.

To scholars acquainted with the German language, his Dictionary will be a very useful classical companion.

DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

THE duty of a Review is to exhibit a brief but impartial account of the literary productions of the times. And as the progeny which the puerperal skill of the press is continually forcing into the world, is of every variety and species, it is our duty, as far as we are able, to notice the good as well as the bad, the healthy and the sick, the strong and the weak, the abortions and the still-born, as well as those with the stamina of long life, the feeble and ricketty bantling of infatuated indulgence, and the vigorous and blooming babe of genius, whose look portends length of duration, and eternity of renown.—But as of those literary labours, which come under the cognizance of our criticism, some are never read at all, while others never deserve to be read, and only a few ought either to be read or to be remembered, we have resolved at the expiration of every four months, to give a sort of *catalogue raisonné*, of the principal productions which we have reviewed during that period. By this means the reader will be better able within a short compass to survey those works which have appeared in every branch of literature and science, of more than fugitive and trivial importance.

As religion is that topic to which the greatest and most general interest is attached, and to which the most momentous concerns, not only of time, but of eternity belong, we shall begin with those literary productions which embrace the important topic of

RELIGION.

Under this head we have seldom any reason to complain of a paucity of articles; for it is a subject on which every blockhead presumes that he can write; and in writing on which, the individual always asserts more in proportion as he knows less. When an ignorant man writes on religion, his intolerance seldom fails to run parallel with his ignorance. The less is his stock of knowledge, the more is his want of charity. Of productions in which ignorance brandishes the pen of intolerance, or where, with only a smattering of

knowledge, there is a large mass of bigotted prepossession, we shall not deem it worth our while, or that of the reader, to mention the names a second time. We heartily wish them a safe and easy passage into the gulph of oblivion, where their authors, like themselves, will soon be at rest. Among the religious publications, which we have noticed with most satisfaction during our review of the last four months, may be reckoned 'Lancaster's Improvements in Education,' in which the attention both of the young and of the old is very judiciously abstracted from the vain and fleeting ceremonies and mysteries to the substantial realities and immutable essentials of the Christian doctrine. Those religious principles, which, divested of all ambiguous tenets and intolerant creeds, should be nurtured in the heart of youth, on the plan which is recommended by Mr. Lancaster, would soon take root, and bear in the maturity of life, and even to the extremity of age, an ample harvest of virtue and of happiness. Mr. Nightingale's Portraiture of Methodism, which we noticed at length in the last number for August, contains a full and impartial account of a sect of religionists, which, from the smallest and most contemptible beginnings, has multiplied into a host, which casts a ghastly frown on the establishment, and throws a portentous shade of superstition over the land. Of single sermons, we have as usual had enough, and to spare, but we shall never revert to any of these, except where the public attention has been vividly excited by their singularity and importance. Among such we may reckon Mr. Stone's sermon on Jewish prophecy, which we noticed in our number, for May last; and firmly convinced as we are that the man who undertakes to instruct others, ought to make the scriptures and nothing but the scriptures the rule of his judgment, and the guide of his opinion, we were far from joining in that hue and cry of heresy, which a few ignorant and bigoted priests, under the usurped title of orthodox, raised against that worthy minister of our excellent, because mild and tolerant establishment. The works entitled 'Considerations on the Alliance between Christianity and Commerce,' 'Religious Union perfective, and the Support of civil Union,' though fugitive pieces, still occupy a respectable place in the religious literature of the short period of which we are taking a retrospective view.

HISTORY.—BIOGRAPHY.

Johnes's translation of Froissart's Chronicles, and of Joinville's Memoirs, are works which, from the faithful, ac-

curate, and picturesque narrative which they contain of many important and interesting events, and from the simple and striking details which they afford of antient manners, contain a charm which hardly any modern history can possess. Vincent's '*Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*,' of which we noticed the concluding volume, in our Review for May last, contains a considerable share of historical and geographical information, and throws some new light on the state of the earliest commercial intercourse with the east. In the '*Review of the Affairs of India from the year 1798, to the year 1806*,' we find a compendious and useful summary of the transactions of that eventful period; during which, the merchants in Leadenhall street were placed by the rapid conquests of Marquis Wellesley on the throne of the Mogul. Some little information may be gleaned from the Historical, literary, and political Anecdotes of Augustus von Kotzebue; but we do not place the utmost dependance on the veracity of M. Kotzebue, and we believe that his love of the marvellous, and his affectation of more than ordinary sensibility, are continually liable, even without his design, to lead him into the grossest misrepresentations of what he hears and sees. The two last volumes of Marshall's *Life of General Washington* contain, like the three preceding, much superfluity of matter and prolixity of detail. It is rather an accumulation of materials for history, than a history itself, which ought to be a compressed and well-proportioned whole, in which there is a luminous arrangement of the matter, and a due subordination of the parts. The modern art of book-making is very adverse to the attainment of excellence in every species of composition. Taste in composition, and skill in selection, are too much sacrificed to quantity and price. We have volume upon volume of ostentatious bulk; but the bulk is usually nothing more than an hydropic tumour of vapour, of water and of wind. It is rarely that we shall be able to notice any work of equal excellence with the new and improved translation of Barthelemy's *Anacharsis*, in which we have a comprehensive detail not only of the history of Greece, but of its arts, manners, philosophy, and literature during one of its brightest and most attractive periods. Noble's '*Continuation of Granger's History of England*,' in three volumes, contains a diversity of matter, which the collector of portraits and the lover of anecdote will peruse with satisfaction. Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*, though we cannot bestow any praise on the style of the composition, contains, besides many elegant engravings, some curious matter, and many original documents which throw considerable light on the history of the arts, the

progressive advances in the price of labour, and the associated depreciation in the value of money. The *Memoirs of Dr. Percival*, which were written by his son, present an agreeable sketch of an enlightened physician, and an amiable man.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Among the voyages and travels which we have had occasion to notice during the last four months, we must assign the first place in point of interest to the *Travels of La Brocquiere* into the Holy land, which, though they were undertaken in the beginning of the fifteenth century, have, in the translation of Mr. Johnes, all the freshness of a modern publication. The *Travels of the Marquis de Salvo*, in the year 1806, from Italy to England, through the Tyrol, &c. are principally interesting from the account which they give of the liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the despotic fangs of Buonaparte, by the generous intrepidity of the author. Some lively sketches are given of the countries through which they passed, and of the adventures which befell them by the way.

POLITICS.

In politics we have not had an opportunity of noticing any work of considerable importance, but have experienced an abundant harvest of ephemeral pamphlets, most of which relate either to the dismissal of the late ministers, or to the emancipation of the catholics. On both these topics our opinions have been stated without disguise, and are too well known to need any recapitulation. In *'Britannicus's Present State of the British Constitution,'* much good sense and much sound knowledge of the English government are exhibited without any violence of political asperity. Clifford's *'Observations on some Doctrines advanced during the late Elections,'* are not destitute of many wholesome reflections and of some salutary and momentous truths. De Lisle in his pamphlet on the *Causes of the Miseries of Europe*, which we noticed at length in our number for July, has developed with considerable perspicuity, ability, and penetration, the immediate causes of that wonderful revolution, the effects of which have been felt more or less in every part of the civilized world; and which will indeed affect the destiny of ages yet unborn. Mr. Whitbread's benevolent plan for the education of the poor, has stimulated the activity of the press,

and various pamphlets have appeared both for and against this weighty measure of national reform; but none of these have been of sufficient consequence to merit any farther animadversion. On the intentions which actuate the kind, the generous, and manly bosom of Mr. Whitbread we are willing to bestow the highest praise, and as we are warm friends to the diffusion of knowledge and the culture of intellect, the general principles of his scheme are impressed on our consciences and dear to our hearts. We may entertain doubts with respect to the fitness of some of the practical regulations, but of the utility of the measure itself we have no doubt. Of the plan of moral instruction of which Mr. Whitbread recommended the adoption, we approve the more because it is incorporated with no sectarian partialities; for a system of education which is designed to be national, ought not to inculcate the peculiar tenets of any sect, but only those great and essential truths which are common to all. For the true christian knows no sect; he wears not the exclusive badge of Trinitarian, Arian, or Socinian. These are invidious appellations, invented only to indicate hostility and malevolence to all of a different opinion. The true christian delights only in the name of CHRISTIAN; and as this name is common to believers of all tenets and descriptions, none other ought to be adopted by him who scorns to forget the comprehensive benevolence of Christ within the narrow pale of any sect, whether it usurp the fostering name of Athanasius, of Arius or Socinus.

We have not hitherto noticed the several pamphlets which have appeared relative to the last election for Westminster, and to the dispute between Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paul; and, we have not done this, because we have been waiting to see whether Sir Francis Burdett himself or Mr. Horne Tooke would publish any answer to the statements of Mr. Paul. If no such pamphlet shall be announced, we shall in the number for September next notice in one article all the pamphlets which have hitherto appeared on the subject, in which we shall neither shew favour nor enmity to any of the disputants. Truth only is our object, and if we can get at the truth, we care not whether it proceed from the mouth of Peter or of Paul.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND META-PHYSICAL.

In this literary age, many minds are strenuously employed in the discovery of new truths or the elucidation of old, in developing what has hitherto been unknown, or in render-

ing familiar to many what has, till the present, been known only by a few. Thus some new light is continually thrown on the operations of mind and the combinations of matter; and that light when it is once elicited soon becomes generally diffused. Reason is the prime excellence of man, and as this reason itself is not partially bestowed but universally communicated, it was evidently the intention of God that it should be universally enlightened in the low and humble as well as in the more grand and elevated spheres of life. We are then always happy when we behold the sublime truths of philosophy brought down by perspicuous exposition and familiar illustration to a level with the apprehensions of children or of the general mass of mankind. Mrs. Bryan's Lectures on Natural Philosophy are, in this respect, a valuable addition to the stock of elementary books which we before possessed. Mr. M'Diarmid's *Inquiry into the Principles of Civil and Military Subordination*, is the work of a man whose thoughts are deep and whose diction is clear. He has sought for the principles of subordination where they are immutably fixed, in the moral and physical constitution of the world; and had any antidote still been wanting to the revolutionary principles of equality, an antidote of no common efficacy might have been found in this philosophical treatise of Mr. M'Diarmid. 'Brusaque's *Illustrations of Taste*,' which we noticed in our Review for July, may well deserve the name of a philosophical performance, as it decomposes some of the more mysterious operations of mind, and traces to their primary source many of the sensations which are excited by the beauties of nature and of art.

MEDICINE.

Few are the medical works, which have been mentioned in our four last numbers, which deserve any additional meed of praise. The new edition of Motherby's *Medical Dictionary* contains many improvements which will increase its utility as a book of reference and a repository of facts. In Herdman's *Essays on the Causes and Phenomena of Animal Life*, we discover talents of no ordinary kind. In Dr. Clutterbuck's '*Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever, &c.*' we are presented with a body of solid information and of useful facts. Some of his conclusions may be irrelevant, and some of his analogies more fanciful than just; but the medical student will do right to read his book with attention, and to make himself master both of the theory and the facts. Dr. Edmonston's '*Treatise on the Varieties and Consequences of Ophthalmia*,' does not throw much new light on the subject;

but still it is a book which ought not to be laid aside without being read.

POETRY.

The well of English poetry is so far from being dry, that it keeps full and running over; and though the larger part of the fluid which issues from the spring, have not the fragrance or the flavour of genuine inspiration, yet it does occasionally pour forth streams, which may vie in sweetness and in purity with the far-famed waters of Helicon, or even the fount of Bandusiæ, 'than glass more clear.' The last four months indeed have not been productive of poetry of such spotless fame; nor is it every four months, nor every four years that we can expect to announce any effusion of the muse equal to that of the 'Lay of the last Minstrel,' of which the beauties are so many and so transcendent as to supersede the necessity of criticism; for they may defy its censure, and they need not its praise. But still we can notice a few respectable performances even in the poetical department. The tragedy of 'Solyman,' which was reviewed in our number for June, evinces powers of no common kind; and if the author will throw off a servile attachment to the rules of the ancients, and show a little more regard to the essential requisites of the modern stage, splendour and bustle, he may produce a tragedy which will fix the attention, and interest the feelings; be acted before crowded houses, and be read with pleasure in the closet of the scholar and the critic. Mr. Cary's translation of the *Inferno* of Dante is an arduous undertaking; but in which, as far as he has advanced in the execution, he has evinced considerable industry, genius, and skill. By a more unremitting constancy in the '*limæ labor*' Mr. Cary may bring his version nearer to perfection; and we again accost him in the heroic language of his great master,

———' *vinci l'ambascia*
Con l'animo che vinci ogni battaglia,
Se col suo grave corpo non s' accascia.'

'All the Blocks,' is an animated composition; and we request the writer to continue the culture of that genius for strong and caustic satire which he possesses in a considerable degree; and as there is at present no lack either of dulness or of vice in the higher spheres of life, he need never want a subject for his pen. The *Epics of the Ton*, on which we bestowed so much praise in our last number, have not

indeed the compressed strength or the high finish which we admire so much in the characteristic sketches of Pope, but still they unite an assemblage of beauties, a fidelity of outline, and a brilliancy of colour which disarm our censure and command our praise. We are always sorry to be obliged to censure any man of genius and of worth. From that genuine good-will which we indulge towards all, and particularly towards every person of virtue and of talent, we always applaud with pleasure and censure with reluctance. We can take no delight in wounding that irritability of feeling which is the peculiar temperament of genius; but still it would be an injustice both to ourselves and to the public if we were to suffer any inferior consideration to warp the impartial morality of criticism. It is our duty to withhold praise where we think that praise is not due; and it is equally our duty, though it is one which we perform with pain, mildly to reprove where reproof is merited by negligence or affectation. Few persons appear to have possessed a more poetical mind than Mr. Wordsworth; and yet few persons have more debased their native powers by negligence and affectation. Some of his productions are such as any person of rhyming facility might have composed, '*stans pede in uno*,' and others are mingled with a degree of puerile vanity and conceit which excite hardly any other feeling than that of ridicule or disgust. Yet who is there, who will assert that Mr. Wordsworth is no poet? Who can be insensible to some of the native, unvarnished captivations of his page? Who does not feel the charm of beauty and of interest which is attached to some few of his productions? Mr. Wordsworth seems to think that whatever he writes must be worth reading; however carelessly it may be composed, or however little effort of mental exertion it may cost. But whatever may be said of the felicities of negligence, no sterling excellence ever was the produce of neglect. Some of Mr. Wordsworth's effusions remind us of Dr. Johnson's

'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'

If Mr. Wordsworth will attend to the wholesome and well-meant admonition which is given in the critique on his poems in our last Number, his next production will have a fairer claim to unmingled praise.

NOVELS.

Of this sperm of literature there is seldom any dearth; but the number and the bulk are never equalled by the merit of the compositions. No productions indeed contain in general such a scanty portion of intellectual excellence. Out of twenty novels which issue from the press hardly one deserves

to be read; and we believe that the world would not be the worse if, with very few exceptions, a bonfire were made of the whole mass which have successively appeared from the days of the dull and prosing Richardson to our own. Of the novels which have lately engaged our critical attention, we can mention only that of 'Mandeville Castle,' as entitled to any pre-eminence of praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.—BELLES LETTRES, &c.

Mr. Tappen's 'Professional Observations on the Architecture of the principal antient and modern Buildings in France and Italy, &c.' will be perused with pleasure by every lover of the arts; his criticisms are impartial, and evince both taste and penetration. Mr. Boyd's translation of *Select Passages of St. Chrysostom, &c.* exhibits a fair promise of powers which we hope will not be suffered to wither in neglect. Mr. Gilpin's 'Dialogues on various Subjects' display not much acuteness of remark or profundity of thought; but still some of them may be perused with satisfaction. 'Potts's Farmer's Cyclopaedia' is a performance of considerable information and extensive use. Mr. Potts is not an ignorant and conceited theorist, who writes on what he does not understand; he is thoroughly and practically acquainted with his subject. The 'Apprentice's Guide' is a work which merits general circulation. We might have swelled out this digest with a much larger recital of books and names; but to what purpose should we have enumerated books that deserve not to be read and names that will soon be forgotten? In this digest we have selected, in the various departments of our domestic literature for the last four months, such articles as ought principally to arrest the attention of the reader, who may thus be induced again to refer to the larger account of them which is exhibited in the review; and may be directed either in the perusal or the purchase. The numbers of our review must contain books of all gradations of excellence, of all varieties of merit or defect; but in this digest, which will in future appear at the end of every four months, we shall endeavour to separate the dross from the sterling ore.

DIGEST OF POLITICS,

PRINCIPALLY DOMESTIC, FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

UNDER whatever view we may contemplate the times in which we are living, we behold them full of danger and dis-

stress. There is no side on which we can look for comfort in the present, or for security in the future. Peace ought to be the end which we propose in war; but though we have now been at war for fifteen years, peace seems as remote as it was at the beginning.

The war which we are waging, began without any definite object; it has had no definite object during the prosecution; and, at this moment, it is as far from having any definite object as it was at the beginning. This war is marked by a character different from that of all former wars, and that is, senseless and interminable progression. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, though it has had a beginning, it seems never likely to have an end; for we appear to recede from the point of conclusion in proportion to the continuance of hostilities. In former wars our exertions have been directed towards the attainment of some particular object, and when we have either attained the object or been frustrated in the attempt, hostilities have ceased; but, at present, we are at war without any particular object before us; and our present ministers can no more tell us for what they are at war, than a man who is blindfolded can tell which way he is going. Indeed a man totally blind would be much more likely to find his way out of a Cretan labyrinth, than the present ministers are to extricate the country from the dangers with which we are surrounded, and the hostilities in which we are at present engaged. If the present ministers be asked whether they mean to humble the pride and to curtail the power of Buonaparte, they will hardly have the effrontery to aver that they harbour such a conceit or cherish such a hope. Do they intend to deliver Europe from his grasp? What are the means which they possess? Is the king of Sweden, our only remaining confederate, to effect what neither Austria, Prussia, nor even the colossal power of Russia could accomplish? Are the French to lose in Pomerania the laurels which they won at Marengo, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, and at Friedland? In the spirit of chivalry, shall we pit the king of Sweden with forty thousand raw troops against the four hundred thousand veterans of France?

Hope, we know, with more constancy than belongs to any earthly friend, will not forsake us to the last; but hope, when it passes the bounds of reason, is only the phantom of folly and the chimæra of fools. In the present situation of our affairs, when there is hardly one of the continental powers, ravenous as they are of English gold, which could be tempted even by the most lucrative proposals to become our ally, what hope is there of repressing the ambitious domination of

Buonaparte which a wise man would entertain. Have we not yet formed alliances enough, or are we so grossly infatuated, so impenetrably dull, as still to hanker after the treacherous friendship of the continent? Has not one confederacy which we have formed been dissolved after another, and left us in a worse state than we were before? And shall we still fondly imagine that our safety consists in forming new plots and hatching new conspiracies against France? Surely the experience of so many years may teach us that we cannot master France upon the continent; and that all the confederacies which we may form against her, will tend only to enlarge her territory and consolidate her power. France has become strong only by the endeavours which we have used to render her weak. Had we at the beginning of the revolution, according to the advice of Mr. Fox, the wisest of politicians and the most upright of men, only let it alone, that terrible explosion of the most opposite interests, passions and opinions would have been confined within the territory of France; and other countries would have been free from the dreadful concussion and the desolating effects. When our posterity, fifty years hence, take a calm historical survey of the present stormy period, they will pay the highest tribute of applause to his political penetration: and they will wonder how the legislature of this country could be so blind as not only not to follow his advice, but to revile him for giving it, and to engage in a war the most opposite to every sound principle of policy, to the true interest of the country, and to the happiness of mankind. But it is vain to deplore what we cannot cure. We make these reflections on the past only that we may learn wisdom for the future. For the war which we are waging is not one iota more politic now, than it was at the beginning. It is, on the contrary, impolitic in the extreme. For can that be politic of which no one can define the object, can expect the end, or foresee any thing but destruction in the prosecution? From the very beginning, the war has assumed the character of an exterminating ferocity. And this character it is so far from having lost during the continuance, that it is in fact more palpable than before. It is a war of which one party is resolved that the other shall not survive the catastrophe or witness the conclusion. When two duellists form a similar resolution, we are shocked at the unnatural savageness of the determination. It chills all the more tender sympathies of our bosoms, and almost makes the blood curdle in our veins. But when two generous and high spirited nations, formed by the contiguity of their situation for a beneficent interchange of good offices, and designed by Providence to be the kindest friends, become the most in-

veterate foes, when they call on every man who can hold a sword to assist in the destruction of each other, we regard the actual conflict and the probable result with a degree of apathy which seems to indicate the total absence of reflection and humanity. Thus it is that small evils and afflictions interest our sympathies, while greater hardly seem to be the object of any sympathetic participation. We sympathise with individual instances of suffering more than with a mighty aggregate of woe. But in the present instance we call the havoc glory; and the vain and empty sound seems to charm away the feeling of compassion. The field of carnage gratifies our pride, and that is sufficient for our satisfaction. In the desperate warfare which we are waging with France, though we may be long superior, we fear that we shall not ultimately succeed. The prosperity of which we make our boast, and in which we place our confidence, is more artificial and likely to be more fugitive than that of France. France can produce every thing within herself; every thing that is requisite to render her great by sea as well as by land. She can command the whole extent of coast from Memel to Cadiz, from Cadiz to Venice, and even to the Bosphorus. But even our maritime strength, the bulwark of all that we cherish or hold dear, is at present dependant on the capricious favour of other nations. We want continual supplies of timber, of hemp, &c. from abroad. Our money is chiefly composed of paper, and though this may do well enough for a circulating medium at home, we shall soon find it oppose almost insuperable obstacles to our intercourse with foreign nations. It is solely owing to the stoppage of the bank, and the consequent inundation of a paper currency, that the exchange with other countries has lately been so much against us, and that almost every article has been doubled in price.

The only remedy for all our numerous ills is peace; and such a peace as true wisdom, which was hardly ever more thoroughly exemplified than in the late Mr. Fox, will make in the spirit of christian moderation. What, will you make peace with Buonaparte? Yes; or with Buonaparte's barber, if he were emperor of France. But will peace ever be permanent or secure with a man of principles so loose, of religion so variable, of ambition so unrestrained? The permanency and security of any peace depend less on the moral sentiments or the metaphysical creed of any cabinet, than on the reciprocal interest of the parties. For it may seem a lamentable, but it is a certain truth that national friendships and alliances are less secured by the ties of morality than by those of interest. But then we may console ourselves by this reflection, that the only real and durable interests of

states as well as of individuals are never at variance with the obligations of morality. We say to individuals, 'Do as you would be done by;' there cannot be a more safe criterion of duty or of interest. We say the same to nations, and no injustice, no wars would ever ensue if the cabinets of Europe would revere the precept and practice the obligation. Let us adhere to this plain rule of justice and of policy in our dealings with France; let us make such a peace as Mr. Fox recommended, which constituted his living hope and his dying prayer; a peace which shall be ratified by the honour and the interest of all the parties concerned.

If we will make peace in this spirit, and attend to the wise and affectionate suggestions of Mr. Fox, we believe that such a peace, notwithstanding all that has been said of the insincerity of Buonaparte, is as likely to be lasting as any peace which we ever made in any former period of our history. If treachery and ambition be at present prevalent in the court of Buonaparte, we ask, did not these qualities always characterise the court of France? These vices are not more the habits of the man, than the appendages of the station in which he is placed. The Bourbons did not indeed possess the same facilities of aggrandizement, but as far as they had the means, they never shewed themselves inferior to the Corsican in the want of sincerity and the lust of domination. Buonaparte does not appear to exceed his predecessors in the throne, so much in the propensity to do mischief as in the potency of doing it. But this potency we have only increased by the attempt to subdue. Instead of provoking an irritable man by malicious aggression, our best way of rendering him innocuous, is, as far as possible, to leave him at rest.

If Buonaparte, like other men, be governed by his interest, we think that his interest will incline him to be at peace. He has at present more interest in peace than he can have in war. The whole continent is prostrate at his feet; and the folly, temerity and weakness of his enemies have left him nothing either to hope or to fear. He is the sovereign of continental Europe; and if success merit diadems, no man from the earliest records of history, ever deserved such a rich and brilliant crown. Alexander and Cæsar, who lived in a less civilized and reflective period of the world, and had fewer difficulties to overcome, were only heroes of dwarfish fame, compared with the victor of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Friedland. At sea this mighty chieftain has experienced nothing but disaster and disgrace. The sovereignty of the sea as well as of the land may be the object of his ambition; but it is not equally within the means of his accomplishment. But, if you make peace, he will only employ the

interval in hostile preparation. When did not France do the same? And if the dock-yards of France be never still, are those of England to be marked by silence and inaction? Ships are not built in a day; and when ships are built, where are sailors to be found? But suppose that he can, at any future time, obtain both sailors and ships able to cope with us at sea, a long period must elapse before this can be accomplished; and, in the interval, is it not better to enjoy the contingent good of peace, than to experience the certain evils of war? If peace be only a breathing time, yet such a breathing time is necessary to nations oppressed with debt, enfeebled by exertion and exhausted with toil. Of a long series of calamity, every interruption in the chain must be esteemed a good; but who is to demonstrate that this breathing time of peace will be so short as the advocates for the continuance of the war suppose? Reasoning from the state of the continent, our own opinion is, that if this country will make peace with Buonaparte on terms of an equitable reciprocity of advantages, and in the genuine undisguised spirit of peace, such a peace will be more permanent than any which either we or our forefathers have experienced. But such a peace is a boon, which the present ministers have neither the will nor the ability to bestow. They have neither the spirit of peace, the spirit of justice, nor the spirit of charity and moderation. For these we should invoke the departed genius of Fox, if we had not known that he had bequeathed them as a parting legacy to his associates in office; to Grenville and Howick, to Holland, Petty, Spencer and Fitzwilliam. If his majesty be anxious to let his long reign, which has been so often clouded with the storm of war, close with the sunshine of peace, let him recall these men to his councils, and they will conclude a peace which shall be honorable both to England and to France.

Whatever may be the warlike propensities of Buonaparte himself, the temper of the French people is evidently pacific; and we do not believe that Buonaparte will rashly provoke another war against the wishes and the interest of France. Public opinion in France may be said to count for nothing; but, though it may seem strangled in its birth, by the arbitrary restrictions which the tyranny of Buonaparte has imposed upon the press, yet he is still awed in some measure by the liberty of discussion which is left, and by that right of private judgment which he has not been able to subdue. But whatever may be the disposition of Buonaparte, the experiment of peace is at least worth trying; for much may be gained, and nothing can be lost by the attempt. But we must again inculcate, that, if we do make peace, it ought to be in the spirit of forbearance, kindness and conciliation; not in

that of rancour, bitterness and distrust. And let us not, after making peace with our enemy, talk of him as a ruffian with whom it is a disgrace not to be at war. Let us not, as we very unwisely did after the peace of Amiens, irritate by wanton and unprovoked abuse. And whatever may be the terms of the peace which we make, let us not observe them with *punic faith*, but with inviolable truth. Let us rather give up more than we ought, than not give up what we ought. Let us not imitate that shuffling policy which refused to resign one day what we had actually stipulated to relinquish the day before. Let us not with unblushing effrontery pretend that hostile armaments are going on in the ports of France, when those ports do not contain a single ship of war which is ready for sea. Yet in such circumstances, such was the declaration which was officially made in the House of Commons; and whether those who made it were on that occasion deceived themselves, or were attempting to deceive others, it is certain that a declaration more destitute of truth was never made.

In the late address of Buonaparte to his legislature we discover more pacific sentiments and a more conciliatory spirit than we had expected from the vindictive disposition of the man, from the unbending pride of the soldier, and the presumption which is inspired by unparalleled success. From the declaration of the French emperor to his legislature, which was evidently designed as a sort of pacific overture to England, we have little doubt but that we may make peace, *whenever we are in the mind*. The will only is wanting, or the execution would soon ensue. In the last negociation, Buonaparte had finally agreed to concede Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, and the French settlements in the East Indies. These were certainly advantageous terms; and these we have little doubt but that we might obtain again. When Buonaparte arrived at Berlin after having annihilated the Prussian army in the vicinity of Jena, he declared in one of his vapouring proclamations that he would not make peace with us till we had relinquished every possession which we had taken either from France or her allies. But this was only a burst of resentment produced by the irritation of the moment. For Buonaparte is highly characterised by a precipitate and choleric impetuosity; the domineering influence of which has been increased by the accidental circumstances of his situation, since he has been liberated from the necessity of all restraint upon his will, and his ears have been corrupted by the syren song of unceasing adulation. He is naturally a passionate man, and his passion must have vent, or it would soon destroy his sickly frame. But when the fit subsides, which it soon does, this

irascible Achilles is governed, like other sovereigns, by the cold calculations of interest and ambition.

When Buonaparte triumphed over the feeble resistance of the directory and concentrated in his own person the whole power of the state, his first endeavour was to restore the relations of peace between France and this country; but unfortunately for us, and in direct opposition to the better counsels of Mr. Fox, this offer was rejected with disdain. Not contented with slighting the pacific proposal, Mr. Pitt indulged in a personal invective against the man. In the discussions of states as well as in the transactions of private life, personalities are always to be deprecated. They never can do good; but the evil which they may do is beyond calculation. In private life a personal affront is seldom forgotten; but in high stations it is never effaced from the recollection. It adheres to the memory and rankles in the heart. It is a mortal wound inflicted on the pride of the individual, and it festers as long as life remains. Had Mr. Pitt lived to discuss the terms of peace with Buonaparte, his angry invectives against the man would have cost the country not a little in settling the balance of the negotiation.

To us it appears, that ever since his usurpation of the government, Buonaparte has been anxious to make peace with this country. We do not say from what motives this wish originated, but it evidently is his wish. He perhaps feels the conclusion of peace with this country necessary to the preservation of his popularity in France; or, as Talleyrand said, like other men exhausted with toil he may sigh for repose. Even success may satiate, and the laurels which he has won may feel heavy on his brow.

In the interview which Lord Whitworth had with Buonaparte in the beginning of 1803, much light is thrown upon the real sentiments and character of the man. In that interview he seems, like a person off his guard, to have spoken without duplicity or reserve; and we may clearly discern throughout the whole that his strongest desire was to continue at peace with this country. He intimated that, if our statesmen and their hired writers had not evinced such inveterate hostility to him, there was nothing which he would not have done to conciliate, that we should have had a participation of indemnities and of continental influence, and that there was nothing which he would have omitted to testify his friendship and to have afforded satisfaction.* But

* See the state papers which were published on the breach of the treaty of Amiens.

the crooked, sinister and impotent policy of those who were then at the head of affairs, caused him to renew the war contrary both to the wishes of France and to the interests of England. We are far from saying that the peace of Amiens contained such advantageous terms as we ought to have demanded, and such as under a more able minister than Lord Sidmouth we might have obtained. But if Lord Sidmouth were weak enough to consent to such a treaty, he ought to have had honesty enough to observe it. Had he observed it this country would probably at this moment have been at peace with France; and who can say what five years of peace might have done to renovate the strength and to improve the resources of Great Britain? But had we employed this interval in increasing our naval force, in checking the lavish expenditure of public money, and correcting the enormous abuses, frauds, and peculations which prevail in every department of the state; and, above all, had we, according to the plan of the immortal Alfred,* caused the whole population of the country possessing property and paying taxes to be instructed in the use of arms, and thus have organized a truly constitutional force capable of repelling every attack on whatever point it might be made, the breathing time of peace, instead of being limited to a year, might have been extended to a century. For on this we may depend, that France will never attempt to invade us while there is not even a distant probability of success; and what chance of success could remain, while we had such a powerful navy at sea, and while myriads of freemen lined our shores, trained to the use of arms, and resolved to a man to defend against every assailant, their property, their altars and their hearths? Buonaparte, however impetuous or frantic he may be, is, on the whole, too much governed by the calculations of prudence gratuitously to rush into destruction; or to risque his diadem on English ground. Our formidable means of counteracting invasion both by sea and land would have kept him quiescent; and in such circumstances, even though peace might not be his wish, war would certainly not be his choice. The rivalry of arms which has so long subsisted between England and France might thus be converted into a more beneficent competition for superiority in arts. Nor will we omit this opportunity of inculcating this important truth, that, notwithstanding the many ages of hostility which have unfortunately elapsed between France and England, England cannot trade with any country in the world to so much advantage as with France.

* See our account of Major Cartwright's *England's Aegis* in the *Critical Review* or September 1806.

This arises partly from contiguity of situation, which would insure quick returns; and partly from the differences of produce, which Providence designed as a bond of amity between us. The industry of the two countries would act as a reciprocal stimulant to exertion. France would afford the best and richest market for the manufactures of Britain; and the inhabitants of Britain would derive no small accession to their enjoyments from the products and industry of France. Even the physical health of Englishmen, which is so materially injured by the impure and highly alcoholized wines of Portugal, would derive no small benefit from the more general use of the lighter and more genuine wines of France. But we shall not at present expatiate any farther on the policy of making peace with France, on the probability of the continuance, or on the certainty of the advantage. What we have said, however, will, we hope, serve to dispel some prejudices, to remove some objections, and to convince our fellow-countrymen that peace is the interest of Britain and the wish of France.

On our political situation considered in other points of view we shall make only a few remarks; and those remarks shall be brief. War is the great evil which we have to deplore, and peace the great good which we are anxious to obtain. Every thing else seems to be comparatively of little moment except as it affects the question of peace or of war. We were friends to the measures of the late ministry, and we viewed with peculiar satisfaction the reforms which they executed, and the greater and more important which they are said to have had in contemplation. We have since, to our infinite regret, beheld them displaced by men, who are greatly their inferiors both in wisdom and in virtue. These men call themselves the friends of the king, and principally because they are the enemies of the people. But let them beware how long they separate that interest of king and people which ought to be reciprocal. A king of England may be the greatest of earthly sovereigns as long as he endeavours to identify his prerogative with the liberty of his people. It is the liberty of the people, which imparts the brightest lustre to the jewels of the crown,—nor was the house of Hanover ever brought here to rule over a nation of slaves. If arbitrary power should ever flourish in England, it would soon be found that England could not flourish under arbitrary power. Her prosperity depends on the degree of liberty which she enjoys. The present ministry may be nominally friends to his present majesty, but their measures are such as might well characterise his most inveterate foes. For they are measures which, if his

majesty's patriotic virtues were less known, would certainly encourage a supposition, that there is something in royalty which opposes an insuperable bar to the correction of abuses, to the extension of civil and religious liberty, and to the general happiness of the empire. If we look at home we see these ministers artfully endeavouring to undo all the good which their predecessors did in their short but brilliant reign. We have seen them attempting to exchange limited service, which Mr. Windham's bill had introduced into the army, to service for life; we have beheld them secretly labouring to stifle the financial reform which was begun, and causing the reversion bill to be thrown out of the house of lords. In Ireland we behold them pursuing the old system of oppression; and aggravating instead of appeasing the public discontents in that unfortunate and ill-governed isle. We fear lest the catholics, goaded by insult, by treachery and disappointment, should be driven to despair. Is this the wish of the present ministers? If it be, their system is not improperly adapted to the accomplishment. Perhaps they want some pretext for a more rigorous coercion than they have hitherto had the courage to propose. Tyranny never fails to furnish pleas for its own atrocity. In South America, our ministers are pursuing a system of aggrandizement which will be found impolitic at any time, but worse than impolitic in this crisis of our fate. Could we conquer all South America, and obtain possession of Mexico and Peru, the patronage of government would be increased, and a few individuals enriched; but the country at large would only exhibit stronger symptoms of debility and distress.* Spain and Portugal, which are two of the poorest countries in Europe, are living proofs that the wealth of nations consists more in the industry of their inhabitants than in mines of silver and of gold. In North America, the dispute which has originated in the unfortunate rencontre of the *Leander* and the *Chesapeake* has assumed a serious turn; and, though war is equally opposite to the interest both of America and of Great Britain, we fear that the irritation which seems to prevail in the councils of the former country, and the want of wisdom, conciliation and address which are seen in the cabinet of this, will prevent all amicable adjustment.

Of the late unprovoked attack on Denmark, of which, while we are writing this, we know not the result, our opinion is that it is equally impolitic and unjust. Much has

* Since this was written, that unauthorised attack on Buenos Ayres which was begun in injustice, has terminated in disgrace.

been said of the atrocious aggressions of France, of her unprincipled robberies and spoliations; but was any outrage which France ever perpetrated against the liberty and independance of other states more atrocious and unprincipled than this? Had Denmark been actually attacked by France and solicited our interposition, it would have been generous in us to have undertaken her defence. But when not a French soldier had set his foot on Danish ground, when France never even menaced such an attack, we equip a mighty armament in order to take violent possession of her capital, her arsenal, and her fleet. We know not on what ground the present ministers will justify this deed of treachery and injustice, but unless they have a stronger and better plea, than that which tyrants use, they merit the execration of the country. They have brought indelible disgrace on the English name; and have ratified those mischievous calumnies which have been propagated against us by the jealousy of France. In the proclamation of Lord Cathcart no other reason is assigned for this unprovoked attack on the Danes than what might be alleged for a similar aggression on any neutral power. The whole resolves itself into this, that because the neutrality of Denmark may be violated by France, we have thought it prudent to anticipate the attempt. Tyranny and ambition have hardly ever employed a more flimsy pretext for the aggressions of iniquity. If the possibilities of injury are to justify the perpetration of crimes, what crimes are there which may not be justified? But neither in policy, nor in morals, which are the most comprehensive policy, can we be justified in doing evil that good may come. The attack on Denmark is a certain evil, done for the sake of a contingent and very uncertain good. It is an evil, which, as far as it respects Denmark, will long be felt and cannot readily be repaired; and as far as it respects ourselves it is an indelible stigma on our justice and humanity. Even had the act itself been better planned and more ably executed, we should still have reprobated the injustice and atrocity. But in the present instance, the original perfidy of the act has been rendered more daring by the mode of execution. If it were necessary to capture the place, it should have been taken by a *coup de main*, without setting fire to the capital and destroying the property and the happiness of the peaceable inhabitants. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of the wickedness and incapacity of the present ministers; and we have no hesitation in saying that those who advised the measure have sacrificed the honour of the country, and merit the utmost severity of punishment.

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